

HOLIDAY NUMBER

August 1916

7^d net.

The QUIVER



TAKE
Beecham's Pills



if you have the 'hump'

Ref. 1419 d. 95



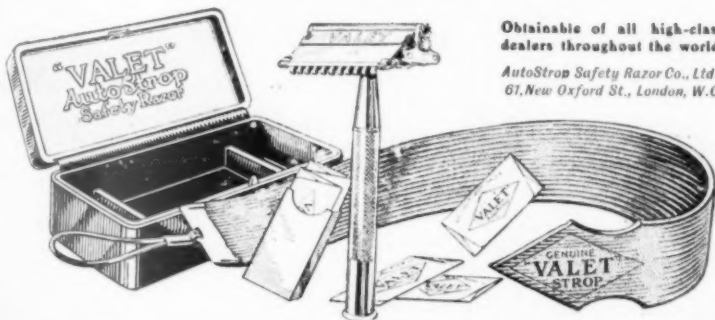
"VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

The word "Valet" on Razors, Stropps, and Blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, W.C.

This sketch can shew you the form of automatic stropping which is the exclusive feature of the "Valet" AutoStrop Safety Razor, but it cannot adequately illustrate its simplicity or efficiency. You have to ask somebody who uses one, or, better still, try one yourself. You just slip the strop through the razor-head, and as you pass the razor to and fro along the strop the blade automatically reverses and stropps itself. It is simple in use, and the blades, besides being sharper than in any other safety razor, last indefinitely and save you constant expense for renewals. It is as simple to clean as to strop—simply swing the blade free and rinse it in water.

THE STANDARD SET consists of heavily silver-plated self-stropping "Valet" Razor, twelve specially-tested "Valet" blades, "Valet" horsehide strop, the whole contained in handsome leather-covered or nickel-plated case, complete **21/-**

Other Sets up to 15 Guineas.



Obtainable of all high-class dealers throughout the world.


AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd.,
61, New Oxford St., London, W.C.

OUR patriotism will not allow the taking of Holidays in the usual way, yet the extra pressure and overstrain to which many have been subjected for some time past makes a holiday, however short, a life necessity, and the difficulty arises: "Where shall I go to obtain the greatest benefit in the short time at my disposal?"

We live in a little island, yet the climatic advantages of our various Health Resorts vary to such an extent as to cover the whole gamut of human requirements. It is possible to select an atmosphere, warm and restful, where the tired worker or overtaxed brain can regain their original strength and vigour, and it is also possible to select Resorts which possess a bright, cheerful, bracing climate, so necessary to those who require such an air tonic.

The "Health and Holiday Resorts Guide," published by the Great Central Railway, contains a lot of up-to-date and valuable information for the guidance of the Health and Holiday Seeker, and a copy of the book can be obtained on application to Publicity Department, 216 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.

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Auto-Centre



Allinson
UNADULTERATED
WHOLEMEAL
Bread

You cannot be quite certain that your bread is genuine **WHOLEMEAL** unless you see the Allinson Band round every loaf. On sale everywhere. That is your safeguard and guarantee.



The Helping Hand
Serves to unite
Our Allies grand,
Who want Fluxite.

FLUXITE

is used not only by the British Government for manufacturing munitions of war, but by our Allies, who recognise it as the paste flux that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

Both Amateurs and Mechanics will have Fluxite. With it you can repair your pots and pans and other metal articles.

Of all Ironmongers, in tins, 7d., 1/2, and 2/4

The **"FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET**

contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc.

Sample Set post paid United Kingdom, 5/6

Auto-Controller Co., 226 Vienna Road, Bermondsey, England.

If you are Weak, nervous or run-down—

feel irritable and depressed; cannot sleep at night, appetite poor, and nerves seem all on edge—you should at once commence taking a readily assimilable form of phosphate, for your condition indicates nerve starvation.

The most suitable form of phosphate to use in such cases is the pure

Bitro-Phosphate

which most chemists now stock in convenient 5-grain compressed tablets.

Take one of these tablets either during or immediately after every meal and you will soon note a wonderful improvement in your condition.

Your nerves will become steady and strong; appetite will improve; you will gain in weight; sleep well and wake up bright and refreshed. Nervousness will soon be a thing of the past, and you will become well, strong and vigorous once more.

Bitro-Phosphate has done all this and more for thousands of men and women who were weak and ill. Get a supply from your chemist to-day and just see what it will do for you.

Obtainable at 2s per flask from Boots Cash Chemists; Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.; Timothy White & Co.; Henry Hodder & Co., Ltd.; Lewis & Burrows; Parke's Drug Stores; and other high-class chemists everywhere; or direct from the Manufacturers,

THE INTERNATIONAL
CHEMICAL CO., LTD.,
67/8 Bolsover Street,
— LONDON, W. —



"SANITAS"
FRAGRANT
& NON-POISONOUS
DISINFECTANT
DOES NOT STAIN LINEN
1/3 Bottles Fluid
6° Bottles Fluid No. 2 (Crude)
6° & 1/2 Tins Powder
Soaps & Fumigators

GREY HAIR AND SUCCESS

Remarkable Facts which Prove why You Should Conquer Your Grey Hair NOW

WONDERFUL NEW PREPARATION, NOT A DYE, WHICH MAKES IT POSSIBLE TO REGAIN 10 OR 20 YEARS IN YOUR APPEARANCE

100,000 Complete Trial Outfits to be Sent to All Grey-Haired Readers

IT has been stated that Grey Hair has a distinct bearing on success. There is a stigma that attaches to the words "grey hair" that cannot be denied.

In business, commercial, private life, yes, and under modern conditions, amongst Military and Navy men, there is a desire to keep a smart, fresh, if not youthful appearance, so that one cannot be stigmatised as being "too old" at—whatever age one may be.

The wonderful new preparation, "Astol" as it is called, stands quite apart. Colourless itself, when applied to the hair it revitalises all the thousands of tiny pigmentary cells, causing the original colour tints to reappear.

WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC PROCESS

When "Astol" is applied—and remember you may test these statements free—it sets up a wonderful natural scientific process.

Everybody knows that grass left unwatered will turn yellow or brown or straw-coloured, but immediately the rain falls and is sucked up through the semi-paralysed grass roots, so all the rich green comes back. Exactly the same method is descriptive of how "Astol" brings back your hair colour. No matter whether you once possessed brown, golden, auburn, or black hair, which has now turned grey, use "Astol" in the simple method as directed, and you will find that those brown, golden, auburn, or black tints will return.

Are you Grey-haired ?

Do you suffer from Entire Greyness ?

Greyness at the Temples ?

White Hair ?

Recent or Long-standing Greyness ?

If so, the important free gift offered here interests you particularly.

Every grey-haired man or woman may test "Astol" for themselves in their own home free of cost. Here

is a great Back-to-Youth Offer to the Grey-haired. Simply fill in the form below, and a full supply of the wonderful new discovery will be sent you free. The many thousands of men and women who are grey-haired are indebted to Mr. Edwards, the In-

ventor and Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," for "Astol," which so magically restores grey hair to its original colour.

No longer need you appear too old at 30, 40, 50, or even 60. Accept the "Astol" Triple Gift offered here, and in a few weeks you will be able to restore your grey hair to the original colour.

Fill in and post the form below, when you will receive:

(1) A free bottle of "Astol," the wonderful scientific discovery that literally forces the natural colouring cells of the hair to new, healthy activity.

(2) A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the wonderful Hair and Scalp cleanser.

(3) A copy of the famous book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired."

After you have once seen for yourself the effect of "Astol," you can obtain further supplies from any chemist the world over at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. a bottle; "Cremex" at 1s. per box of 7 packets (single packets 2d.), or direct post free on remittance, from Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

POST THIS GIFT FORM

To EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO.,
20-26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a Free Trial supply of "Astol" and packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, with full instructions. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage and packing to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

Quiver,
Aug., 1916.



Both in business and social life it is the young and vigorous who command attention and success, whilst those who have lost their youthful appearance through the premature greying of their hair find themselves at a serious disadvantage. There is no reason, however, why anyone should be thus handicapped, for the effect of the great scientific discovery, "Astol," is to take from 10 to 20 years off one's apparent age. If YOUR hair is grey or going grey, post the form below as directed, and you may at once commence to restore your hair to its NATURAL colour without resort to dyes or stains.

THE QUIVER



NEXT TO A GOOD 'SCRAP' THERE
IS NOTHING TOMMY ENJOYS SO
MUCH AS A GOOD WASH WITH

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

(The Soldiers' Soap)

4^d Per Tablet.

STANWORTH'S "Defiance" REGD UMBRELLAS

THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day together with P.O. for 6/6, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.



THE "DARLING" MILK WARMER

It is a simple portable Milk Warmer. The milk is heated in a few moments at a cost of less than a farthing by the small safety spirit lamp, which consumes ordinary spirit. The spirit stove is detachable from the saucepan, and can be used for other purposes.

The "Darling" being constructed entirely of copper and brass, is practically everlasting.

Complete as illustrated, each, 3/- (Post Free).

Write for List of
ELBARD GOODS.

ELBARD PATENTS CO.,
40 York Rd., LONDON, N.



MAKE YOUR OWN LEMONADE

A long, cool drink made instantly with
GLASS LEMON!
and plain or aerated water.

NO ADDED SUGAR
NECESSARY.

Freemans
Walford

Home Magic— Drummer Dyes



THEY will renew all those faded shabby articles of clothing and household drapery — avoiding the necessity for buying new curtains, loose covers, blouses, etc.

There's any amount of wear in the old — it's only the colour that's shabby.

Just try Drummer Dyes

on all those shabby articles around the house and in the wardrobe — you'll obtain the same wear again and a brightening of colour.

Your Grocer, Oilman, store or chemist can supply you. See the Drummer on the packet.

Write for booklet on "Home Dyeing" — it contains many valuable hints on economy in the house.

Suggestions of articles for which you may desire a change of colour.

**Knitted Coats
Blouses
Scarves
Light Dresses
Gloves
Hosiery
Frocks
Overalls
Underskirts
Pinafores
Boys' Jerseys
Boys' Suits
Ribbons
Hats, etc.**

Also
**Window Curtains
Table Cloths, etc.**

EDGE'S, Bolton, Lancs.

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Make your Cleaning EASY— with a RONUK HOME POLISHER.

Cleans and polishes FLOORS, LINOLEUM, SKIRT-
INGS, PANELLINGS, &c. Used with Ronuk
Sanitary Polish. Adjusts itself to any position and
works at any angle. Clean, quick and easy to use.
Never needs washing or boiling. Of grocers iron-
mongers and stores. Price 5/6 complete.
Booklet, "THERE'S THE RUB," free from

Ronuk, Ltd., Dept. No. 22, Portslade, Brighton.

111



WHICH YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH.
will you A WRETCHED HEADACHE
have? DR. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING BOTTLE.

Cures Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, Headache,
Dizziness, Faintness. Of all chemists and stores, price 1/3,
or post free 1/6 in the United Kingdom.
Dr. Mackenzie's Laboratories, Castle Street, Reading. 1/3



EARN 25 TO £20 WEEKLY. Ladies and gentlemen are
required at once to learn Advertising business at home in
spare time under expert direction. You can qualify for good
positions and profitable home work in short time. Write to-day
for Illustrated Book explaining how. Dept. Q.R., Page-Davis
Co., 213 Oxford Street, London, W.

See page xxiii



CLARK'S

DRESS STANDS

MAKE HOME DRESSMAKING EASY.

Why not make your own Autumn Costume and
save money? The model as illustrated is made to
your exact size, padded and covered for pinning,
and sent packed in box for 25 6. Full illus-
trated catalogue with photographic designs and
measurement chart sent free on application.

CLARK'S DRESS STAND COMPANY,
Tottenham Street,
Tottenham Court Road,
LONDON, W.



Shock

With shocks of many kinds
throwing fresh strains upon
our harassed nerves the value
of Hall's Wine as a stand-by
should indeed be known.

'Hall's Wine,' says a doctor, 'is
the best I know for keeping one
up during times of strenuous pres-
sure,' and to quote yet another
doctor: 'Hall's Wine is invaluable,
especially where vitality is low
or nerves are shattered.'

Even in normal years the restorative
powers of Hall's Wine won enormous
recognition, so perhaps it is not surprising
that in these incredible days of stress and
anxiety Hall's Wine finds itself the most
widely trusted preparation of its kind.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's
Wine to-day. If, after taking half, you feel
no real benefit, return us the half-empty
bottle, and we will refund outlay.

Large size, 3/6. Of all Wine Merchants,
and Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd.,
Bow, London.

THE QUIVER

Sleep between
"Marple"
Sheets & Sheetings



They are a delight to the housewife, combining warmth, durability and strength.
Highest grade cotton **only** is used, and the special care taken in spinning and weaving ensures double durability.

The sheets may be plain hemmed, or hemstitched in genuine hand-drawn threadwork—three designs to choose from. The sheetings are obtainable in plain and twill weaves, in both fine and heavy cloths, including double warps.


Apply to your Draper, or to the Proprietors,
THE HOLLINS MILL CO., Ltd., Spinners and
Manufacturers, Dept. Q, 5 Portland Street,
Manchester, who are also the
Proprietors of Sunesta,
Wash-Resista and Sealfece.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP 6⁰



Is the best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth—a little Chivers' Soap—a carpet like new without taking it up.
Sample ref. stamp.
F. CHIVERS & CO., Ltd., 9 Albany Works, Bath

Delecta CHOCOLATES
Coffee Cream Walnuts



Ask for "DELECTA"—the name describes the n.

Boisselier
BOY-SELECTION
Watford

Your Snapshots will be Better

If developed and printed by a Professional photographer. Photography is my business—it is not a side line—and Amateur work my speciality. Films developed, printed and returned next day post free. Failures (double exposures, &c.) not charged.
DEVELOPING PRICES per rolls of 1/2 dozen, Brownies and No. 1 F.P.K. 6d., No. 1a and 3 F.P.K. 9d., No. 3a F.P.K. and 5x4 1/4. Printing Prices on application.

F. JENKINS, PHOTOGRAPHER, 92 HIGH STREET, SOUTHWOLD.

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

All goods sent direct from Factory to Home.

Do you know that practically **ALL** Bedsteads are made in Birmingham? Why not then buy one direct from the workman's hands in a perfectly new condition? I also supply **BEDROOM SUITES, SITTING-ROOM SUITES, SIDEBORDS, OVERMANTELS, &c.**, at very **LOW PRICES**, payable in any way that will suit you. My lists contain a very large assortment of most recent designs.

Prompt despatch. Packed free. Carriage Paid.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR PAYMENTS TO SUIT BUYERS' CONVENIENCE.

Send test-card to day for Illustrated Price Lists (POST FREE).

CHAS. RILEY, Desk 17, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.



THE QUIVER

FURNESS The Gateway RAILWAY. TO THE English Lakes.

20 Rail, Coach and Steam Yacht Tours through Lakeland.

IN OPERATION EVERY WEEK-DAY
(WITH CERTAIN EXCEPTIONS) FROM

Whitsuntide to End of September.

EMBRACING:—

Windermere, Rydal, Conistone, Grasmere, Thirlmere, Derwent-
water, Ullswater, Wastwater, Ennerdale, &c., Lakes, George
Romney's Home (1742 to 1755), and Furness Abbey.
For further particulars apply to Mr. A. A. HAYNES,
Superintendent of the Line, Barrow.



BLACKPOOL and THE LAKES

Via FLEETWOOD & BARROW

BY THE

P.S. "LADY EVELYN" or "LADY MOYRA."

Daily Sailings (including Sundays) during the Summer Months.
(This service is suspended until further notice.)

FURNESS ABBEY HOTEL

is the centre for Lakeland. Beautifully situated within the
grounds of Furness Abbey.

ALFRED ASLETT.

Secretary & Gen. Manager.

Born in Furness, May, 1916.

Iron-mould—watch it vanish!

A rust-stain does not mean a catastrophe now. Moovol
saves your blouses from the rag-bag, because it abso-
lutely clears the stain away whilst you look. A touch, a
gentle rub, a wait of two minutes and the stain is no more.

TRADE MARK

MOOVOL

Regd

Removes "Iron mould." Rust.
Fruit and Ink Stains, from
Clothing, Marble, etc.

Think what you could have saved
had you known earlier. Moovol
contains no poison—no salts of
lemon—and cannot injure any fabric
or the skin. A thin-film in the
fining-water removes the YELLOW
TINT from iron. Send 12 for
a sample at once.

EDGES, BOLTON, LANCs.

Sold by all descriptions
of stores—chemists,
householders, grocers,
etc. in d. & t. tins.



CURATIVE ELECTRIC TREATMENT AT HOME!

WONDERFUL INVENTION THAT GIVES AMAZING STRENGTH AND VITALITY.

Are you weak, despondent, lacking in energy,
suffering from nervous debility or lack of vitality?
Then read of the remarkable success of the famous Pulvermacher
Electrological inventions, which in the privacy of your own home re-
establish a splendid condition of manly strength and nerve vigour.

HEALTH AND SPLENDID FITNESS RECOVERED

WITHOUT DRUGS OR MEDICINE.

Thousands of sufferers cure themselves of troubles such as
Nervous Weakness, Rheumatism,
Neuritis, Sciatica,
Lack of Vitality, Gout,
Digestive Disorders, Bad Circulation,
Indigestion, Constipa- Kidney, Bladder, and
tion, etc., Liver Troubles, etc.,
simply by adopting a short course of treatment with the Pulvermacher
Electrological appliances. No need to visit any specialist's institute,
no need to pay continuous fees, no expert aid is necessary. **YOU**

**CAN CURE YOUR-
SELF**, inexpensively and
permanently at home, by
wearing one of these appli-
cances. They triumph over
illness even when all other
remedies fail. They super-
sede drugs and medicines,
and give what these
never provide—splendid
physical fitness, ro-
bust energy, and
every nerve centre
of the body is
flooded with
vitality.



The Pulvermacher Appliances are the only inventions
for the administration of curative electricity, en-
dorsed by over 100 leading Doctors and by the
Official Academy of Medicine of Paris.

Read the remarkably interesting illustrated book which tells you
all about your weak condition and the cause of your illness. It
explains why you suffer and how you can be cured.

WE WILL SEND YOU A COPY GRATIS AND POST PAID.

We will do more than this. We invite you, if you possibly can,
to call, and without any obligation, examine the Pulvermacher
Appliances and enjoy a special consultation with the Head Super-
intendent. If you cannot call,

SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON THE FORM BELOW
and the special volume, "A Guide to Health and Strength," will be
forwarded to you gratis and post paid. Every page is of interest.
It contains a great message of health personally directed to you.

"GUIDE TO HEALTH" FREE

(New Issue just published)

COUPON: The holder of this Coupon is entitled to a free
copy of this book. Simply fill in and post to
The Superintendent, Electrological Institute
(J. L. Pulvermacher, Ltd.), 17 Vulcan House,
56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Name

Address

When sending Tommy's next parcel
enclose a large tin of

Kkovah Health Salt

It's the most refreshing drink he can have, and its unique saline properties will brace him up—make him fit and keep him fit. Now that the hot weather is coming, it is a much safer drink than water alone. So that you won't forget, order a tin from your grocer to-day. And see that it is Kkovah.

At the same time buy a tin for your own use.
You'll find it most beneficial.

Of all grocers, etc., in 6d. and 1/- tins.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,
Cornbrook, MANCHESTER.



SEND FOR LARGE TIN

*If unable to obtain, a large tin will be sent on receipt of P.O. or stamps 1/-.
Please mention grocer and we will refund postage.*

COUPON.

The League of Young British Citizens.

MOTTO:

"For God and the Empire: By Love serving one another."

I wish to be enrolled as a member of the L.Y.B.C. I will do all I possibly can to be true to its ideals and to carry out its object.

Name..... Age and date of birth.....

Address.....

Signature of Parent or Guardian
(To be filled in if member is under 14 years.)

Date of joining.....

THE QUIVER

RESTORED TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS



What a contrast between the bright, healthy man in the full glory of his strength and the man broken in health, weak and debilitated, to whom are denied all the pleasures of this life.

There is an inexhaustible source of new life and strength in that wonderful life-giving element, "Electricity," judiciously applied; **it will restore you to perfect manhood**; drive out your pains and aches, and infuse fresh vigour into your weakened body. Nervous Debility, Neurasthenia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stomach, Liver and Bladder troubles, Paralysis, and many other complaints are successfully treated. **Thousands of cures have been obtained** with the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. Send us your name and address, and we will prove our words.

IT IS FREE—A POST CARD SUFFICES

But write now, and by return post you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE the most interesting illustrated book on Electrical Treatment ever published, in a plain, sealed envelope.

AJAX LD

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE (Dept. 52), 25 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

W M WOOD-MILNE SHOESHINE

Keep up Appearances!

Bright, well-polished boots help appearances more than most folk think; they give a hint about one's character as well.

W.-M. Shoeshine keeps boots brilliant with the least trouble and at the least cost, and it keeps the leather in condition too.

The 3d. Tin is as big as many other 4½d. tins.

Try 1d. Tin to-day.

For family use the 1/- tin's the best to buy—it's a real saving.

Sold by all good bootmen and grocers.

P800



Doing HIS bit
with WM Shoeshine

Disordered Digestion

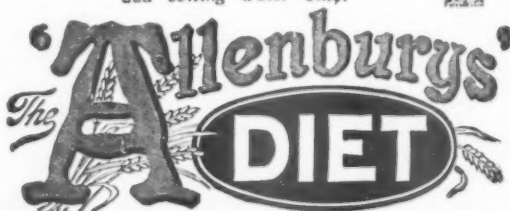
The natural cure is special attention to diet thereby allowing the organs to recuperate. The "ALLENBURYS" Diet is the ideal food for dyspeptics, invalids, and those with impaired digestion, nourishing and invigorating the whole system.

MADE IN A MINUTE
add boiling water only.

Send 3d. Stamps
for large sample.

||||
Of Chemists
1/6 and 3/-
per Tin.
||||

D.28.



ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

FOR WOMEN WHO SUFFER

FROM

HEADACHES—BILIOUSNESS—CONSTIPATION

For women who suffer from those ills which follow when the digestive organs have lost their tone and strength—for the many women who find their household or other duties a burden, because of indigestion, headaches, dizziness, biliousness, constipation, or the like, the most helpful advice that can be given is:—Restore your stomach, liver and bowels to regular, thorough working order, and these results of digestive disorder will pass away *naturally*.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The experience of thousands testifies to the fact that no other remedy so quickly or so surely restores tone and vigour to the digestive organs as the stomach and liver tonic, Mother Seigel's Syrup. The medicinal extracts contained in the Syrup act directly, but gently, upon these organs, restoring their tone and activity so that they can do the work required of them, regularly and efficiently. During the past fifty years Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved a real friend to hundreds of thousands of men and women who have suffered from stomach and liver troubles, and because women are more liable to such troubles than men, it is particularly *their* friend! Test it for yourself to-day!

IS RECOMMENDED
BY THOUSANDS OF FORMER SUFFERERS.



Prices, 1s. 3d. and (treble size) 2s. 9d.

Brogue-built Dress Footwear

ALTHOUGH incapable of withstanding the rough usage for which other Norwell Footwear is designed, these styles have the same quality in leather and stitchery, the same cunning designing put into them, that give all Perth Footwear its charm and individuality.

Produced to combine in correct balance the two essentials of smartness and perfect comfort—fitting perfectly, yet built to conform to the latest of fashion's decrees.



'The Melrose'

Very smart promenade shoe, with uppers of finest selection of black suede or patent calf-skin, light and flexible, made up on the newest last with short fronts ... **16/6**



'The Ruthven'

Stylish glaze-kid Greek court shoe for light promenade wear, fitted with steel or black buckles ... **12/6**

Norwell's 'Perth' Footwear

"Direct from Scotland."

D. NORWELL & SON,
PERTH, SCOTLAND.

Specialists in good-wearing footwear.
(Established over 100 years.)
Foreign orders receive special attention.

Send a p.c. NOW for our New Footwear Catalogue.



'The Cromwell Court'

Ladies' daintily modelled evening shoe;



uppers of finest French glaze kid; hand-sewn.
Sizes and half-sizes ... **10/6**
Second quality ... **8/11**

HEALTHY WOMEN

must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE CORSET OF HEALTH

The Natural Ease Corset Style 2.

7/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with Special Detachable Suspenders.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.

No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with corded supports and special suspenders, fastened at side, but detachable for washing.

It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps and body buttons to carry underclothing.

It has a short (9 inch) busk in front which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

Wear the "NATURAL EASE" Corset and free yourself from Indigestion, Constipation, and scores of other ailments so distressful to Women.

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Are you sure your Hose are British Made?

Very many stockings and socks of Foreign make are on the market—practically all without a brand or name. Your best guarantee therefore of British origin—and of all that qualifies the finest stockings and socks obtainable—is the Tab which states the brand—

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ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE
Quality
Stockings and Socks
for Ladies, Children & Men.

Are the leading British all-wool brand, manufactured in England by British workpeople from pure Australasian wool—and are the finest, best finished, and most scientifically made stockings and socks in the World—guaranteed unshrinkable.

"Medea" is the name given to the companion range made from other than wool, carrying the same guarantees otherwise as the famous "Jason" Brand.

"Jason" and "Me'ea" are sold by Outfitters and Drapers everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining, write

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TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE

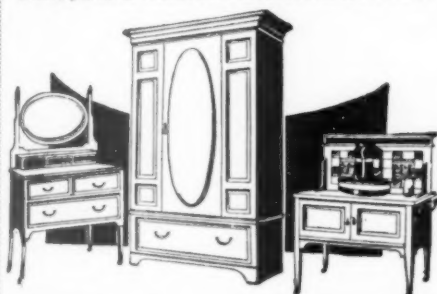
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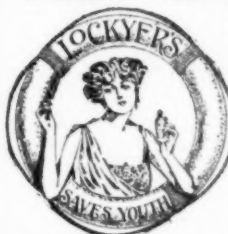
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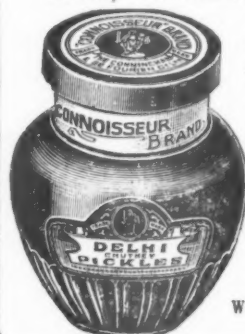
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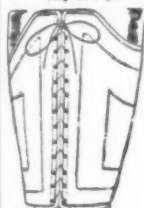
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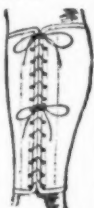
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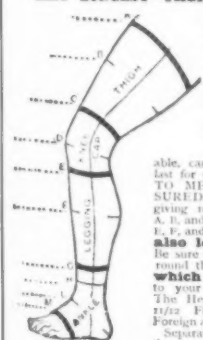
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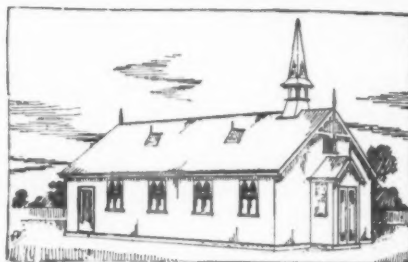
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by Parcels from Rome.

Statements of returned Prisoners, backed by Official Reports, leave no doubt that the British Prisoners are being deliberately starved by the authorities in the German Internment Camps.

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Won't you assist the

British Prisoners of War Food and Clothing Fund

to alleviate the sufferings of our fellow countrymen?

Parcels of food, clothing and comforts are sent weekly to (nearly) 500 individual Prisoners, and also food in bulk to the Camps most in need. The friendless are first considered, the reference system employed guarding against "overlapping."

The food parcels conform in every detail to the recommendations in Dr. Taylor's report, and are in consequence all the more appreciated by the men.

The Fund is worked by a **voluntary staff**, and as office accommodation is provided gratuitously by Messrs. Harrods, Ltd., the administration expenses are practically nil.

The following remark was recently made to the Secretary by a repatriated (disabled) prisoner:

"If it hadn't have been for these parcels you would never have seen any British soldiers back in England."

This and the many grateful acknowledgments received from the prisoners encourage the Fund to greater efforts.

We plead for YOUR help

in this important work.

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Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army,"
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THE QUIVER

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PRISONERS OF WAR

TO be a prisoner of war is always a cruel fate, but the facts that have come to light of late show that the lot of the British prisoners of war in Germany is an especially cruel one. Diplomacy will do what it can on their behalf, but meanwhile we must help to keep them alive by sending provisions. Among the agencies established for this purpose, the British Prisoners of War Food Parcels and Clothing Fund (22 Trevor Square, Brompton Road, London, S.W.) is particularly useful. Regular parcels of food and, when necessary, outfits of underwear, boots, blankets, etc., are forwarded to individual men, preference being given to those who are altogether friendless. I shall be pleased to receive funds for this good work.

Whilst we all feel drawn to give liberally to war funds such as these, I trust readers will not allow our great permanent charities to suffer. I understand that Dr. Barnardo's are feeling the pinch very much just now, and any gifts, however small, will be welcomed at this anxious time.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS

The following is a list of contributions received up to and including June 30, 1916:

- For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: M. O. B. (Hants), 10s.; M. McQ., 5s.; H. W. D., 4s.
 For *Dr. Grenfell's Work*: E. H. Daniell, 2s. 6d.; R. A. S. S., 1s.
 For *The Fresh Air Fund*: V. G., 2s. 6d.
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 For *The Glynn Vivian Miners' Mission*: R. A. S. S., 1s. 10d.

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The following is a list of subscriptions received from members up to and including June 30, 1916:

- 5s. from Miss S. M. Gladwyn.
 2s. 6d. from Miss Grewcock.
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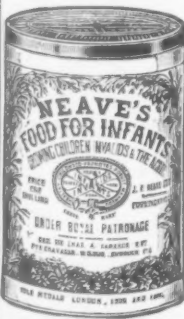
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"To the sand
The little billows, hastening silently,
Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band."
— JOHN WILSON.

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THE QUIVER



VOL. LI., No. 10

AUGUST, 1916

THE PROFESSIONAL GUEST

A Holiday Story

By BRENDA ELIZABETH SPENDER

THE young man in grey, with the bag of golf clubs, who had been sitting on the hotel veranda this last ten minutes with his eyes on the door of the lift instead of, as would have seemed more natural, on the promenading figures round the bandstand outside, got up so suddenly that old Admiral Benson, half asleep behind his newspaper, looked round with a start and smiled when he saw that the cause of his companion's hasty movement was the fact that the lift had just brought down one passenger, that passenger a girl.

Even from the glimpse one caught of her through the ironwork doors of the moving lift, it was evident that she was pretty, a tall, young person with slight shoulders and sunny, unfashionable hair under the cherry pink straw hat which matched her golf jersey. The young man went forward to meet her, and the admiral, who, his days of doing being over, lived mainly on what he saw of the lives of other people, watched their meeting as she stepped out of the lift, and, watching, chuckled. They were alike in both being fair and tall; but there the resemblance ended, for she was of the Saxon type, broad-browed, wide-eyed, essentially young, while his features inclined towards the aquiline, and his usual expression had a patient sadness scarcely suggesting early youth. Yet something—the admiral, as an expert in such matters, inclined to

the belief that it was the fact that they were falling in love—made them curiously complementary to each other, so that, seen side by side, a very ordinary, clean-looking, well-bred young Englishman and a bonny girl who at other times was never more than pretty, seemed almost beautiful.

"Like a pair of china figures for a mantelpiece," said the admiral to himself, and smiled because a page in buttons had intercepted the young people's progress, and the young man, having apologised to his companion, had turned off to the telephone, while the girl was making her way out to the veranda.

The admiral pulled forward the wicker chair next to his and patted it invitingly.

"Going to spare a few minutes for the old man, Miss Norah? The telephone isn't such an abominable invention, after all!"

Norah Franklyn, taking the seat he had assigned to her, laughed readily enough at the insinuation the admiral's words conveyed that she only talked to the old man since the young one was not available, and sat silent, with the smile still on her lips.

"Tony Jaynes is a very nice young fellow, isn't he, Miss Norah?" The old man's tone invited confidence, and she gave it him with a swift glance of her blue eyes and a little nod. The admiral sighed. "I've known him now nearly two years—I come here in the early spring for a short visit as well—and I like the boy better and

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better. At the same time, I'm sorry for him. I should be glad to know that some splendid stroke of luck had fallen to young Tony's share."

The girl was looking down now, playing absently with the handle of the brassy in Jaynes's golf bag, which he had left propped up against the chair in which he had been waiting, which was next to her own.

"It may, you know—something he would call luck. But why are you so sorry for Captain Jaynes?"

The admiral, watching her intently, moved his stiff old legs into a fresh attitude.

"Aren't you? He's abominably poor for one thing, young lady, and it doesn't seem likely at this rate that he'll ever be anything else."

Norah Franklyn looked concerned, but scarcely troubled.

"He could work, couldn't he? I like a man to do something. Besides, he can't be poor enough to need pitying and stay here year in year out at the Gwalia." Her glance travelled down the long hotel veranda dotted with little tables and the latest thing in lounge chairs, and swept the row of big plate-glass windows belonging to the drawing-room; then, turning, she looked across the gravelled parade where the bandstand stood, at the pine wood and, thinking of the lake behind it and the hotel's private links on its farther side, shook her head and smiled. "No, really, Admiral Benson, I can't believe that very poor young men make their homes at the Gwalia!"

The admiral grew crimson in the face, since to be doubted was not in his conception of what was right.

"You must think what you like, of course, young lady; but Master Tony is much too poor to stay at the Gwalia for more than a week-end at a time, we'll say, if it wasn't made well worth his while."

"Worth his while?" she repeated, with eyes puzzled, lips a little apart.

"Of course. Who's the life and soul of the hotel, gets up the picnics and theatricals, coaxes the dowagers into a good humour when they're inclined to be stuffy, and persuades old crocks like myself that the waters really are doing them some good? Of course, he didn't come here with that in view, but before he could get anything cheaper within a reasonable distance they

had found out his usefulness and, knowing his circumstances, made it a deal. I can tell you that if Tony Jaynes wasn't a perfectly charming young fellow and almost as good an all-round sportsman as you'd meet in a day's march he wouldn't be at the Gwalia to-day, and, of course, it's where he wants to be. And then his bridge! His match isn't to be found nearer than town! Why, the directors would be fools—and I shouldn't mind telling them so to their faces—if they let Tony Jaynes go."

"You mean—you mean they pay him to be nice to the guests, to do all these things—get up the theatricals?"

"Pay!" The admiral tried to shrug his shoulders, but the shoulders in question were stiff and unshrugable. "Jaynes is a gentleman; they wouldn't pay him—they receipt his bills."

"Ah, they receipt his bills. Rather a nice distinction."

"But it is one."

The admiral proceeded to elucidate the point, but since the listener paid no heed to what he was saying his remarks need scarcely be recorded here. She was lost in thoughts of her own—not, to judge by her expression, very pleasant ones—until the appearance of Jaynes at the hall door with her bag of clubs under his arm ended the conversation.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Miss Franklyn. Gentleson's people about the wigs. It was just as well that I was in when they rang up; the screen scene without plenty of powdered hair wouldn't be recognisable, would it? How is the great chess problem, Admiral?"

"You run along and enjoy yourselves, and never mind my problems. Look after your own."

The admiral's manner was charged with meaning. Moreover, his glance took on an ancient archness which brought the colour into Jaynes's brown cheeks. He looked at Miss Franklyn anxiously, fearing that she also might have understood the admiral's innuendo; but she had risen and was watching him with a face far too calm and cold to justify any such supposition.

"Shall we make a start?" she said, and the admiral chuckled again to see them go side by side at a swinging walk across the sunlit gravel of the parade, with salutations

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"'Is there any reason why you should not fetch it yourself?'"—p. 862.

Drawn by
J. E. Sutcliffe.

right and left, since Jaynes at least knew everyone at the hotel.

It was not unusual already with these two to indulge in a long silence; each had secretly regarded it as a proof of an interest that needed not perpetual titillation to keep it alight, and one came upon them now so that they passed through the wood almost without speaking and along the path by the lake to the little pavilion on the golf links—as it happened, for the moment, deserted. His companion's silence did by then begin to appear a little strange to Jaynes, and he looked at her intently and, noticing that she was pale, commented upon the heat.

"What do you say to a rest before we drive off?" he asked, and she assented, sinking down into the folding chair he had set up for her in the shadow of the pavilion. Lying on the short grass at her side, Jaynes looked at her once or twice, an anxious kindness in his honest blue eyes.

"It's a fine view of the mountains from here, isn't it?" he said presently, cast-

ing about for a remark to make, as it struck him with a pang, after the manner of a stranger initiating conversation, not with the intimate friendliness less than a month of comradeship had given them.

The girl followed the movement of his hand and looked at the course sprinkled with greens and little fluttering flags, broken up here and there by patches of gorse, the wooded hills beyond it, and the Black Mountains towering purple against a pale sky farther off again. A square white house among the trees, the windows glittering in the sun, caught her eye as he paused.

"I think that big ugly house rather spoils it," she said, seeking to find a chance of disagreeing with him.

Jaynes looked at her sharply, then his face softened.

"Do you think so? It's a private nursing home. I always like to see it; it has a sort of homely feeling for me because, as a matter of fact—you're looking tired—would it bore you if I talked about my own

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private affairs? I've often felt that I should like you to know. I can't explain to everyone, and yet I've been here so long——!"

Her eyes were bent upon him, and he, missing the light in them, was silenced.

"Yes, you have been here a very long time, Captain Jaynes. Don't you ever intend to go?"

"Some day—I suppose."

"It is your ideal life, then?"

He shook his head.

"I have not always liked it—since you came——"

He stopped abruptly, and did not meet her eyes, and after a little silence she laughed.

"I suppose it is part of your business to pay compliments?"

He looked a bewildered interrogation.

"You make a habit of saying pretty things to all the girls at the hotel?"

He sat up at the words, his grave eyes upon her face.

"If I have given you that impression, Miss Franklyn, I have been very unfortunate."

"Don't apologise. Surely it's what a professional guest should do?" She cut his explanation short. "The admiral has just been giving me the details of your interesting career—why you don't find it necessary to work like other men. I wanted to tell you that I knew, and also that in future it will not be necessary to waste your services upon me. I am sure neither Auntie nor I had any idea that the Gwalia included a professional guest among its servants."

For a moment he was silent, as though the blood rushing to his face had left him speechless, then he got to his feet and stood looking down at her.

"You say the admiral told you—why I stay at the Gwalia?"

"He did."

"And yet you call me—what was it—a professional guest, an hotel servant?"

She raised mocking eyebrows.

"But isn't it so? You are not obliged to stay here."

"Perhaps not." His voice was very bitter. "Anyone who cared to could call me that, I suppose."

"And can't you understand my objection to politeness which my aunt will pay for in the hotel bill?"

"Did you"—he struggled to speak calmly—"believe that it was only that?"

She turned her face away that he might not see the flush that rose in it.

"Naturally—under the circumstances."

There was a silence, and when he spoke again his voice was quite under control.

"I am indebted to you at least for saving me from making a fool of myself."

She shot a glance at him.

"Fool?" The word was tremulous, but he did not notice the fact.

"I suppose it isn't a polite way of putting it, but that is what you have done."

Inconsequently enough his words annoyed her, perhaps because she was not quite sure that this disillusionment had come soon enough for her own peace of mind. He stood beside her, his eyes fixed upon the white house among the trees, and the fact that somehow—in a perfectly unfair and abominable manner, of course—he had made her feel herself in the wrong added to her irritation.

"Are we to play?" he asked presently, turning to her, and that gave her opportunity for retaliation.

"I could not dream of monopolising your services to such an extent—now I know. It would not be fair to the other guests. You might take my clubs back with you to the hotel."

The words were bad enough; the tone was worse: it held the thinly veiled command of a superior to an inferior, and the look that shot through Jaynes's blue eyes showed that he had understood, despite his pretence of invulnerability.

"Just as you like, of course," he said gravely, picked up her bag and his own from where he had put them on the platform of the pavilion, raised his cap, and went.

Norah Franklyn sat resisting an inclination to watch him go and trying to feel pleased with herself. It was shameful and humiliating that a man paid by the directors of the Gwalia Hotel to amuse their guests should have singled her out for special attentions; it was worse to know that now she had put him in his place she was going to feel regretful and very lonely. She thought longingly of persuading her aunt to abandon her cure and come away; then realised that if she did so Jaynes must guess himself the cause and gauge her feelings for him accordingly, and set her teeth. As she

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sat staring blankly at the woods and mountains, the red afternoon sunset blessing them with a new glory, the sound of a man's voice behind her made her turn her head, half-expecting, with a sudden leap at her heart, that Jaynes had come back, only to find that the new-comer was a certain Leslie Freeth, who also was staying at the hotel.

"Miss Franklyn," he was saying, with the air of having had her identity suddenly revealed to him as he drew near. "You alone?" He dropped into an easy attitude on the edge of the platform of the pavilion. "Thought it would be you as soon as I saw there was a lady here."

She was too truly feminine, as well as too much ashamed of her depression, to allow it to be apparent to this other man. She sat up, smiling at him, and Norah Franklyn's smile was a very fascinating one.

"And why did you think that it was I?"

"Because—do you mind if I smoke? Thanks awfully. Because"—in the intervals of lighting his cigarette he vouchsafed her the information—"I just met Jaynes in the pine wood, carrying two golf bags."

In her confusion she grew angry.

"Why should Captain Jaynes being in the pine wood suggest that I was here?"

The young man turned a thoughtful glance upon her.

"It didn't; but when I saw that some lady was here, your pink jacket, and so on, I said to myself, 'Hullo, they have had a row then; that's why he was looking so savage, and the clubs were hers!'"

A helpless indignation at the rapidity with which the idle population of a cure hotel comes to its conclusions oppressed the girl. She had not been there a month. Had her favours to Tony Jaynes been so marked that everyone could tell already that meeting him had brought a new significance into her life? Her cheeks flamed; she felt herself drowning in the sea of an unbearable situation, and, as a drowning person will, struggled blindly, cruelly, for her own safety.

"I don't think that 'a row' quite describes the occurrence, Mr. Freeth. I happen to have been told to-day that Captain Jaynes is not staying at the hotel in the sense that we are—it is his business-life to make things pleasant for us all. I was explaining to him that I did not need the assistance of an hotel servant—"

"A what, eh?"

"Well, he is an hotel servant, isn't he, if they pay him to entertain the guests?"

"That's what he does? By James, you don't say so?" The young man gave vent to a shout of laughter and slapped his thigh. "Old Jaynes paid to keep us on the trot 'merry and bright,' and passing himself off as being as good as the rest of us? My word, there's a cool cheek about it—what?"

Norah nodded. It was unpleasant to hear Jaynes criticised; at the same time approval of her own conduct was implied.

"Then you think I was right to let him see that I did not—did not quite—" She hesitated for a word.

"Didn't quite regard him as an equal? Rather! I've always thought there was a little too much of the boss about Jaynes. I vote we let the Gwalia people see we can do without him."

"But suppose when they found he wasn't popular they didn't keep him on?"

"Well, if he hadn't any money he'd have to get a job and work like the rest of us." If he included himself in the pronoun, the example was certainly not a strenuous one. He turned on her with a disconcerting question. "You wouldn't cry your eyes out if he goes away?"

"I?" She laughed, in order to convince herself and him of her absolute indifference. "Whether the professional guest goes or stays is nothing to me."

From this conversation much came to pass; for though Norah Franklyn said no word in Tony Jaynes's disparagement, she said nothing in his favour; and Leslie Freeth, one of those young men to whom limelight is as nearly essential as air, finding himself suddenly in the position to take the lead among the floating population of the Gwalia, said much and said it cleverly, so that people who, if they had thought for themselves, would probably have taken no side in the matter, came to be found in the camp opposite to that of Captain Jaynes.

At first the cause of the commotion, much absorbed just then in his own concerns, realised nothing of the change of atmosphere, though his company of amateur actors and actresses grew restive and irritable to a degree unprecedented even at amateur theatricals, refused his ruling upon

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half a dozen trivial matters, and when the ultimate performance achieved a merely nominal success, laid the blame of comparative failure upon him. Two or three people among the hotel guests, less well-bred or more foolish than the rest, cold-shouldered him in a marked manner, but he was of too fine a clay himself to be restlessly on the watch for slights, and failed to notice it, until one fine evening an incident happened which bade fair to make his position insupportable. It was a new arrival, a baronet of pill-compounding fame, an elderly, fussy little man, full of his position and his wealth, who, happening to have left his overcoat in the lounge, and seeing no servant on the veranda at the moment to send for it, turned to Jaynes.

"Here, you." He had been told that Jaynes was paid to amuse the guests. No one had told him that he was also a gentleman, and it was such a point as Sir Walter would never be able to discover for himself. "What's your name—Jaynes! Just fetch me my overcoat from the lounge, will you?"

Tony, engaged over a chessboard with old Admiral Benson, turned at his name, and most of the people within hearing distance—and the veranda that fine evening was crowded—suspended, as it were automatically, their occupations of reading, talking, or flirting, conscious that the moment had come when all the tittle-tattle connected with Jaynes was to culminate in an open accusation of the invidiousness of his position.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Walter. Did you speak to me?"

The clear, well-bred voice carried far; and Norah Franklyn, pretending to read the paper to her aunt on a seat with its back to that part of the veranda where the scene was taking place, looked up and listened. Sir Walter himself found the situation uncomfortable.

"Yes, I was speaking to you, Jaynes. You might bring me my overcoat from the lounge; it's pretty chilly."

"Is there any reason why you should not fetch it yourself?"

The baronet grew red, but Jaynes was more than usually pale.

"I don't choose to; that's my reason—quite good enough for you. Hang it all, what are you paid for—talking to the girls?"

Jaynes, with the slightest possible shrug of his shoulders, deliberately lit a cigarette and, turning his back upon Sir Walter, resumed his interrupted game with the admiral as though nothing had happened. But the incident had its effect. Next morning Tony Jaynes did not appear, and by lunch time the rumour went round that he was leaving, at which half of the Gwalia guests expressed relief, and a good many more than half became avowedly or in secret remorseful as to their share in the matter. The admiral's remarks upon this occasion were sweeping and couched in such language as to make him distinctly unpopular with most people; but Miss Norah Franklyn, struggle as she might to feel pleased with the turn events had taken, found that she preferred the admiral's attitude to her own.

"Couldn't you have done something to make it possible for young Tony to stay on?" the admiral asked, unreasonably enough, looking at her with angry old eyes when he encountered her at lunch.

"But I didn't particularly wish that he should stay on," she asserted; and the admiral, grieved for his friend and even more for his own lack of perspicuity in once imagining that Tony Jaynes and Miss Norah Franklyn were destined to lose their hearts to each other, swore underbreath and hoped she had not heard.

Nevertheless, Miss Norah's feelings were not quite those she chose to pretend. That scene on the veranda had burnt itself into her memory, and her aunt's comment upon the matter did not put her any more at her ease. Said her aunt, leaning on her stick as she took her constitutional after lunch up and down the gravel sweep about the bandstand:

"I don't like this affair about Captain Jaynes, neither does the admiral. He says there has been a dead set made against him by someone in the hotel. Admiral Benson knows him well. It is not a usual position for a gentleman; but, of course, the poor fellow has his own reasons for doing it. If the people here were a little less snobbish! But there, my dear, if people are vulgar they will be."

Miss Norah listened with tingling ears and a most unpleasant sense of self-contempt, for was not the whole affair—traced back to its first cause—her fault? If she



"I—I have been such a fool!" said Norah"—p. 866.

Drawn by
J. E. Sutcliffe.

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had never let herself, in her disappointment at finding Jaynes in so ignominious a position, pass on the admiral's gossip to Leslie Freeth, none of these things would have happened; there would have been no cold-shouldering, no sneers, no bad five minutes on the veranda last night, no question of his leaving the hotel to-day.

She began a dreary argument with herself as to the part she had played, striving to justify it against her own self-blame, and when her aunt had gone indoors for her afternoon nap, set off for a lonely walk, intent upon continuing that pleasant occupation. She had to pass the pavilion on the golf course at some distance to avoid being hailed by the gay crowd that had gathered down there with a great unfolding of deck chairs upon the grass. She thought, as she left them behind, of her own last interview there with Jaynes, and fell to wondering how much she had hurt him.

Over the brow of the next hill and across the fields she went; and found herself in a quiet lane and close to the square white house set in sheltering trees, which she had once told Tony Jaynes spoiled the view. She looked at it curiously now, and changed her opinion as to its ugliness; it was so beautifully kept, obviously no pains were spared in making the grounds delightful, big trees shaded pleasant lawns, and there were many flowers. She looked in through an open door in the garden wall, and stood watching the sunshine upon the grass dancing with the waving of the tree branches, until an apple-cheeked woman in nurse's dress, coming down the lane behind her, made her start by asking her if she wanted anything.

"Nothing, thank you," said Miss Franklyn, somewhat ashamed of being caught displaying such a childish curiosity. "The door was open, and the garden looked so pretty I had to peep in. The flowers are beautiful."

"I suppose they are," said the apple-cheeked nurse, looking at the nearest flower-bed critically, as though the idea were new to her. "But it's awfully lonely. I suppose you don't live anywhere near here—you couldn't very well: there's only the big red hotel the other side of the golf course for anyone to live in."

"That's where I am stopping—the Gwalia. Do you know it?"

The nurse looked impressed.

"I don't. I wish I did. I just know one man who lives there—a Captain Jaynes!"

Norah felt herself growing pink. There seemed no hope of avoiding Tony Jaynes to-day wherever she went.

"Is he a friend of yours?" she asked.

"Of course I know Captain Jaynes."

"Well, not exactly a friend. All the while poor Mrs. Jaynes has been here he has lived over there and come to see her every day when she was well enough, or to inquire after her if she wasn't. It's two years and more since they brought her here after her accident, and he hasn't missed a day, so I can't help knowing him pretty well. Poor soul, she has suffered! One can't be so very sorry for her sake that she's gone."

"Gone? What do you mean?"

Norah's voice sounded strange in her own ears, and she found herself wondering why the sunny garden looked suddenly a long way off. Tony Jaynes was married, and his wife had lived here—suffering all the while! Had he not once told her that the square white house had a look of home for him? That must have been because she was there, and now—?

"She died this morning in his arms."

The nurse's explanation came dully to her through the dimness that had blurred all her senses. "They sent for him late last night, and she seemed to rally, but it was just the last flicker. I am sorry for him, poor young man!"

"It is very sad," said Norah, and was surprised at the sound of her own voice.

"You understand, of course, that I wouldn't talk him over with anyone, but you are a friend of his."

"Oh, yes, a very great friend of his," Norah assured her calmly; but when she had wished the apple-cheeked nurse good-bye and gone on her way, she found that her knees were shaking under her, and she had to sit down and rest. Everything in life seemed suddenly to have turned round, presenting a different side to her view. Tony Jaynes had been no idler and dilettante; he had been the faithful lover of the woman who had died to-day, content to let the world with its chances of fame and fortune slip past him, so that he might be with the wife he loved, and once—her cheeks burned at the thought—she had fancied him a lover of her own. She knew

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now that it had not been friendship upon her part, and could have been nothing more upon his. She burnt with blushes at the difference in her thoughts and his, and her vanity, innocent and girlish as it was, died, scorched and withered, in the flame of her self-contempt. Something finer emerged phoenix-like from the flames—a tender, womanly thought for him, bowed under his grief and yet pricked and daunted by a hundred petty slights that were all her fault. She began to hurry homewards, revolving schemes by which the guests at the Gwalia were to be enlightened as to Jaynes's pathetic reason for remaining there. Should she rise at dinner and speak to them all assembled among the many tables bright with silver and flowers? She could not do it; her voice would tremble and falter, and the blindest of her hearers would guess that her zeal was inspired by something more personal than the mere love of fair-play. Her thoughts turned to the admiral; he was Tony Jaynes's friend, he would know what to do.

She found that he had hobbled out to the tennis courts, and discovered him there on a seat, leaning with both hands upon his stick, and watching the players with censorious eyes. She slipped into the seat at his side and touched his arm.

"Admiral!"

He turned, regarding her sourly, for she had disappointed him.

"Well, what is it, young lady?"

"I—I want to tell you something. I want you to do something for Captain Jaynes."

"You had better do it yourself," said the admiral.

"Oh, I can't—don't you understand a little? I want everyone in the hotel to know why he stayed here—that it wasn't just for choice that he was a professional guest."

"Did you call him that?" snapped the sailor.

She nodded with a crimson face and frightened eyes.

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am."

She spoke so sadly, looking down at the gravel at her feet, that the admiral, in spite of his disappointment in her, was moved to pity.

"And why did you call him that, young lady?"

"Because—because—oh, it seemed so poor of him to stay on here and be pleasant to people instead of taking his proper place in the world. You see, I never knew until to-day about Mrs. Jaynes."

"You mean, he never told you—I thought you were such friends."

She gave him a grateful look.

"Did you? I thought so too, but he never told me. I think he must have been going to that last day when we quarrelled, only I interrupted."

"You quarrelled? Bless my soul!"

"Yes, just after you told me about the hotel receipting his bills. I—I quarrelled with him about that."

"Well, well; of course, I thought you knew about the poor soul over there already." The admiral jerked his head in the direction of the square white house. "She's suffered terribly. I gather—not from young Tony, of course, but I know the doctor—it's been a martyrdom to them both this last two years, and goodness knows how much longer it is going to last."

"It is over." The tears had risen to Norah's eyes. "I met one of the nurses from the Home this afternoon, and she told me that he was sent for in the night and his wife—died this morning—in his arms."

"Died in his arms? This morning? His wife?" The admiral sat up so suddenly that he shook the seat, then he saw that the girl beside him was crying—the hopeless, soundless tears of the sick at heart—and his red old gouty hand reached out and took her brown one.

"So she died this morning? Tony's wife? Poor little girl! He hasn't turned tail and left Sir Walter and little Freeth and his lot masters of the situation, after all." The admiral gave a chuckle, oddly at variance with his tone of a moment before. "He'll be coming back here for his things, anyhow. I must leave word that I want to see him before he goes north. Their place is up north. It's mortgaged to the last blade of grass to keep her in luxury here at the nursing home; still I suppose she will be buried there. What shall I say to him from you?"

Norah looked up, struggling with her tears.

"Tell him that it was all my fault that

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people were so nasty to him—I told Mr. Freeth about the receipted bills—and that I am so sorry, and so ashamed. And make the people here see that his reason for staying here was altogether fine."

"I'll make them see that all right," said the admiral. "Give me time."

The evening dragged for Norah Franklyn. She was so afraid that Jaynes would come back, and that she must meet him before the curious eyes of the hotel visitors. Her honour would not let her stand aloof from him; her pity for him and for herself would hardly let her speak. She was thankful when at last her aunt, happening to be dummy, looked round at her from the bridge table, and noticing her flushed cheeks and over-brilliant eyes, suggested that she should go upstairs. She went gladly, and, locking her door, threw herself down upon her bed and let the bitterness of her heart reveal itself fully. She seemed in her own eyes so poor, so shabby, and Tony Jaynes must know all her meanness: the admiral would tell him. Well, she wished him to know, but it was bitter; she felt naked and ashamed and more than all forlorn. While she lay a knock came at her door, and she stood up, trembling, looked at herself in the long glass, and saw the blue ninon of her dress all crumpled, her bright hair dishevelled and hanging so low that it touched her neck. She had never looked more feminine and appealing, less self-assured, and when she opened the door to find the admiral on the mat, he thought so too, and a vague flicker of long-dead emotion reminded him of what it had been once to be young and in love. He raised a warning finger.

"He's here!"

"Captain Jaynes?"

"Yes, he's in my sitting-room. Came back while we were at dinner and packed his bag. Going north by the mail. He wants to see you."

"To see me? Have you told him?"

"Yes, he understands perfectly—everything—but he wants to speak to you before he goes."

She looked down at her crumpled dress and put a hand to her hair.

"But I am not tidy."

"Quite tidy enough," said the admiral, and his eyes began to twinkle. "Do you

know that he has only ten minutes before he must leave?" He had put her unresisting arm through his, and was leading her along the red-carpeted corridor towards his suite. "I dare say all this is quite irregular, but I'll be your chaperon and responsible to your aunt."

"What can he wish to see me for?"

"How could I say?" The old man paused, his hand on the door of his sitting-room. "I'm going to let you see him alone," he said. "You see, there have been one or two misunderstandings. For one thing, the poor lady who died this morning was not his wife."

She turned a white face towards him.

"Not his wife?"

"No," said the admiral, "his mother." Then he opened the door.



Jaynes seemed to be waiting for her just inside, and somehow he took both her hands.

"I—I have been such a fool," said Norah. She was out of breath and, besides, there seemed nothing else to say. Then his wan face suddenly aroused her pity. "I am so sorry—so very, very sorry. Did the admiral tell you?"

Jaynes looked down at her, and the blue light in his eyes was very sweet.

"The admiral has told me everything—things he knows and things he only thinks." Her eyes questioned him. "The admiral thinks you would not be angry if I told you that I have loved you ever since the first day I saw you. I'm a poor man, dear, and I don't suppose I shall ever be rich; but I could make good—for you. May I come back, then, and ask you to be my wife?"

She shook her head, and the grip of Jaynes's hand upon hers growing suddenly slack, she clung to him.

"I must not come back to you—to ask you?"

"No," said Miss Franklyn decisively, trembling because she had realised why the admiral had thought her quite tidy enough for this interview. "I should be much happier if you asked me now."

But he never did. Before she had finished speaking she found herself in the arms of the professional guest.

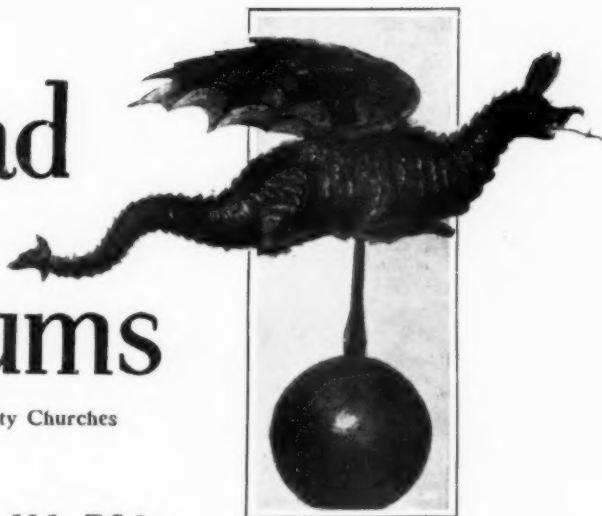
Instead of Museums

Curiosities of London City Churches

By

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

(With Photographs by A. H. Blake)



The Vane, Bow Church.

IT is not all loss, the closing of museums as a war economy, if Londoners will turn their wandering steps City-wards, and try to investigate the treasures and curiosities which lie, often unheeded and unnoticed, amid the streets and lanes of modern London.

In the halls of the City companies are stored priceless relics of the past, pictures, plate, and curios of all kinds.

If you know where to find them, you can discover old houses that still bear the impress of the great men who once inhabited them.

Signs, inscriptions, quaint sculptures, even the names of streets, all conjure up the past; but the greatest stores of the memorials of Old London are to be found in the churches, which are open to all and which bear witness to the piety and artistic taste of our forefathers during a period of nearly nine hundred years.

The architectural student finds in these buildings alone wondrous examples of every period of Norman and Gothic art. The Great Fire of 1666 destroyed many;



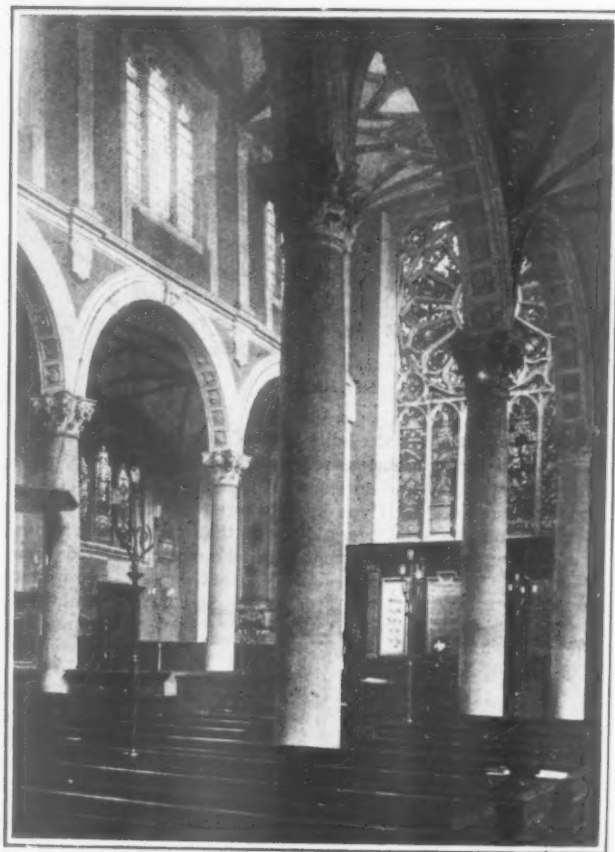
The Crypt, Bow Church

(The most curious and perfect relic of Old London).

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modern iconoclasm, whose aim is utility, has doomed several to destruction; but quite sufficient remain to illustrate every style of architectural development from the Early Norman to the triumph of the skill of Sir Christopher Wren.

However, I do not intend in this article



Interior of St. Katherine Cree.

to write about architecture, though the subject especially appeals to me, but rather to point out the curious contents of the churches—the books, the memorials of the great men who once worshipped therein, the quaint stories connected with these shrines, and the treasures of art that they contain.

There are nine pre-Reformation parish churches which escaped the Great Fire, and

besides these there is the noble Abbey of Westminster, part of which, the Chapel of the Pyx and the Undercroft, date back to the time of Edward the Confessor, with the magnificent Chapel of Henry VII. that ranks with King's College Chapel, Cambridge and St. George's Chapel, Windsor, as the three

great masterpieces of Perpendicular work in England. We have also the Temple Church, Southwark Cathedral (formerly the Church of the Priory of St. Mary Overie), and the Chapel of St. John Baptist in the Tower.

It will be impossible to visit all these in this brief pilgrimage, far more to inspect the numerous Wren churches that stud the City. Sometimes unexpected discoveries are made, and it is not generally known that quite recently in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral some portion of the walls of Old St. Paul's has been found, a fact which recalls many pleasing associations of that noble church which dominated the City in olden days, which endured many vicissitudes, and finally fell a victim to the Great Fire and made way for the present domed church of Sir Christopher Wren, an enduring monument of his genius.

First we will wend our way to Bow Church in Cheapside, the crypt of which is older than any other church in London. Its vane (of which an illustration is given) is in the form of a dragon with expanded wings, alluding to the supporter of the arms of the Corporation of London. This dragon has not escaped the attention of humorists. A dialogue between this dragon and the

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grasshopper on the Royal Exchange (the badge of Sir Thomas Gresham) was published in 1698, wherein the dragon addresses the grasshopper with:

"Tell me, proud insect, since thou canst not fly,
By what assistance thou art hopped so high."

You know quite well the story of the bells of Bow which are said to have recalled Richard Whittington with the message:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

All the fittings in the church are later than Wren's time, except the altar rails and the pulpit. The vestry is large, and there the Court of Arches used to sit.

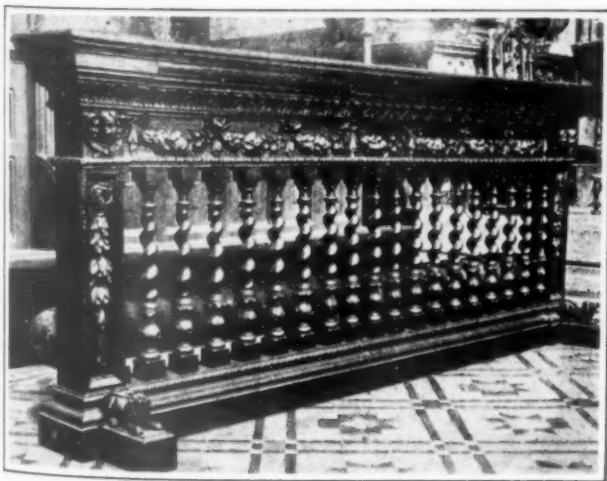
This court took its name from that of the church, St. Mary de Arcubus, or St. Mary of the Arches, otherwise Bow, so named from the remarkable crypt which we will now

visit—the most perfect and curious relic of Old London. It is Norman work of the eleventh century, with cylindrical columns and square capitals, and its extent reveals the grandeur of the ancient church destroyed by the Great Fire. Milton's name is in the Baptismal Register, and there is a memorial of his on the west wall, brought from All Hallows, Bread Street.

One of the most interesting churches is that of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield. It consists now of only the choir and eastern portion of the original foundation, erected by Rahere as an Augustinian priory in the time of Henry I. Rahere has been styled a jester of the Court. This is quite wrong. A cleric, and a prebendary of St. Paul's, a friend of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of the Bishop of London, though Stow calls him a "pleasant-witted



Books used by Archbishop Laud at St. Katherine Cree.



Communion Rails at St. Olave's, at which Pepys must have knelt, now used for Choir Stalls.

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gentleman," could never have been a professional jester. The church took 150 years to be built. The clerestory and the tower were erected in the fifteenth century. The oriel window on the south was built by Prior Bolton, and it bears his rebus, a bolt or arrow piercing a tun or barrel. The visitor will notice especially the fine tomb of the founder, erected in the fifteenth century; the monument of Sir Walter Mildmay, Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor; La Sueur's statue of James Rivers, holding a book and an hour-glass; Captain John Millet, mariner, 1660, with some quaint verses; a knight in armour, Sir Robert Chamberlayne, a great traveller (1575), and Robert Roycroft, printer of the polyglot Bible. If you are able to visit the church on Good Friday you may see widows picking up sixpences from a tombstone, according to the terms of an old bequest.



Monument erected by Pepys to his Wife in St. Olave's.

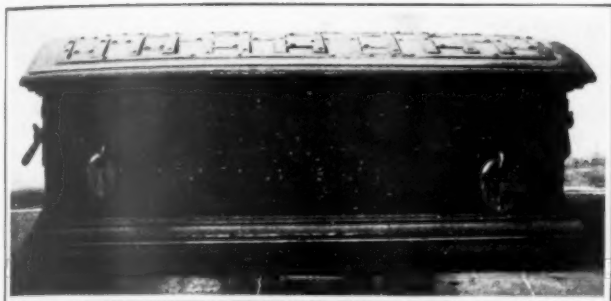
scribed with its five crosses, and the greater part of the arcade and all the windows Perpendicular. On the south is a fine Renaissance doorway, probably designed by Inigo Jones, inscribed "Laus

Another fine church is that of Great St. Helen in Bishopsgate, which survived the Fire. It was a conventual church, the minster of St. Helen's nunnery. You will see that it is a double church; the north side was used by the nuns, while the south was the parish church, originally divided from the former by a screen and an arcade of six arches. On account of the large number of monuments of great men, it has been called the Westminster of the City. The architecture presents some interesting problems, and we find some Early English work of the thirteenth century, also the fourteenth century south transept and Lady Chapel, with its old stone altar in-



Plate of St. Olave's, Hart Street.

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Chest under Altar in the Temple Church, containing Deeds of James I., giving the Temple to Lawyers, etc.

which Stow calls Bel-zetter Lane, the abode of the bell-founders, we come to Mark Lane, formerly Mart Lane, because it was the principal corn-market, or mart, thence to Hart Street, and there find the Church of St. Olave, erected about the middle of the fifteenth century. It is closely associated with Pepys, the diarist. He used to attend this

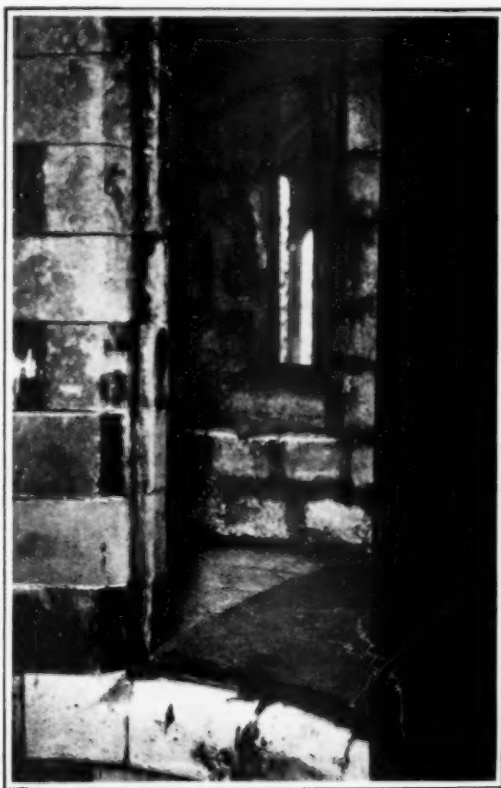
Deo St. Helena, Rep^d 1633," and the tower is seventeenth century work. The fifteenth century work was executed with money bequeathed to the convent by Sir John Crosby, whose house hard-by was standing until, a few years ago, it was removed to Chelsea. Shakespeare once lived in the parish, and he has a modern memorial window.

In Leadenhall Street we find the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, so named because on May Day morning a great shaft or may-pole was set up before its south door.

A little farther on we find St. Katherine Cree, or "Cree Church," a corruption of Christ Church. It is a curious mixture of Renaissance and Gothic detail; tradition seems to have erred in attributing it to Inigo Jones. It was built in 1628, on the site of an earlier building. The principal objects of interest are the Catherine-wheel east window, the arms of the City Companies in the bosses of the roof, some handsome monuments, two fine sword-rests, pewter dishes, and books used by Laud at the consecration when he offended the Puritans by his ceremonial. The "Lion Sermon" is annually preached here.*

Passing along Billiter Street,

* Sir John Gayer, a merchant, encountered a lion in Arabia, was saved by prayer, and in gratitude for his escape bequeathed money for the preaching of an annual sermon on the subject.



Penitential Cell in the Temple Church.

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were severe. "A sorry, silly sermon," "A stranger preached like a fool," he wrote; but often he slept. An illustration is given of the monument he erected to his wife, and there is a modern memorial of himself. You will notice the numerous other monuments, admire the Grinling Gibbons's carving of the

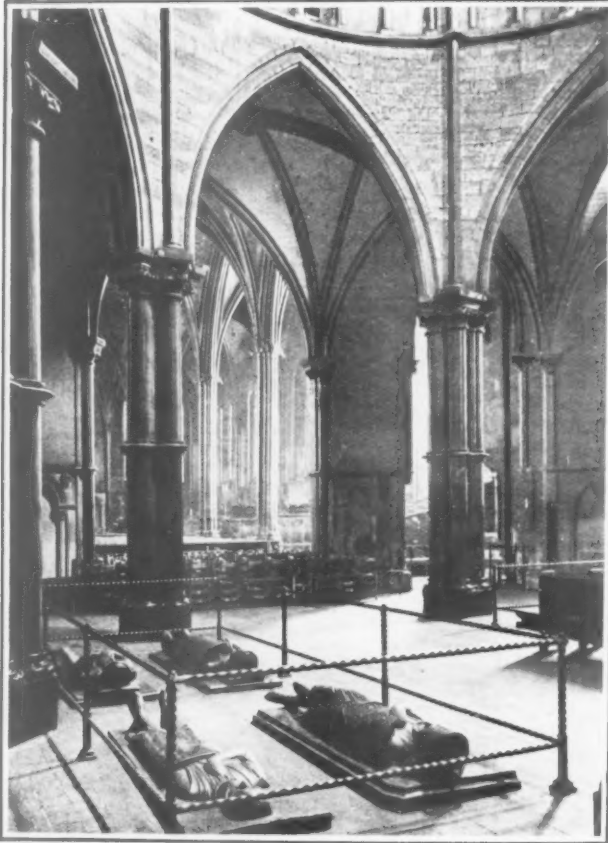
this ramble. We must on no account miss the famous Temple Church, built by the Knights Templar when they migrated here from Holborn in 1185. They liked to build round churches after the model of the Holy Sepulchre Church in Jerusalem, and erected this one when the style of architecture was

changing from the severe Norman to the graceful Early English. Notice the slender columns and the insulated shafts of Purbeck marble, and the beautiful Early English later church added in 1240. The date of the porch is 1195. The tombs of knights and warriors on the floor are interesting, but few are original, and no one knows who they represent. Wat Tyler's rebels did much damage here, tearing away many brass memorials and doing much other damage.

There are some monuments of great men in the triforium, and amongst them are those of Richard Hooker, the famous divine, author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," and John Selden, the illustrious lawyer. The whole of the precincts of the Temple abound with interest, and recall many famous men—Charles Lamb, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Oliver Goldsmith, Thackeray, and hosts

of others who have lived and worked within their classic shades.

There is a darksome cell in the north-west corner of the thirteenth century building. It is said to have been a penitential cell, wherein the poor Templars underwent severe penalties and endured harsh sufferings. However, some authorities consider that it was a watching chamber, wherein a



Tombs of Knights in the Temple Church.

pulpit, sword-rests, and in the vestry a large number of prints and objects connected with the parish. You must see the disused churchyard which Dickens called "the churchyard of St. Ghastly Grim."*

My space is nearly exhausted, and I must conduct you to one or two other churches in

* Cf. "The Uncommercial Traveller."

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guard sat to protect the treasures of the church.

Nearly opposite the entrance to the Temple stands St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. It is not a very ancient church, having been built in 1831 in place of an ancient one that escaped the Great Fire but was pulled down to make room for the present building. Its graceful tower is a picturesque feature of Fleet Street. The old church, the monuments from which are preserved in the new, is connected with many famous men, and amongst them is Izaak Walton, the renowned angler, who has a stained-glass window erected to his immortal memory.

Few of the busy people who daily pass the church observe that statue of Queen Elizabeth standing over the southern entrance. It is one of the few remaining relics of the old City gates. It formerly adorned Ludgate, and was set up in 1586. The gate was destroyed in the Great Fire, but this statue was saved, and after the lapse of a century was brought to St. Dunstan's, and

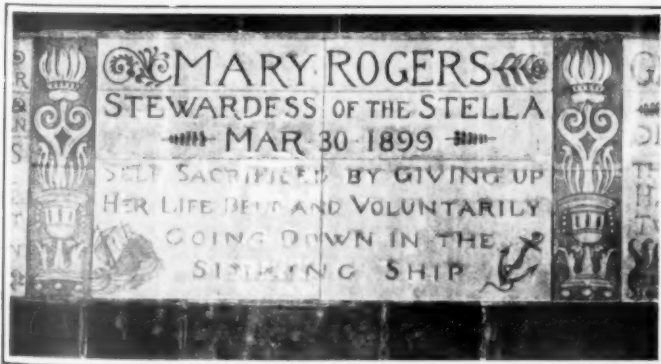


Statue of Queen Elizabeth at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West.

when the new church was built it was placed in its present position.

Not only are there memorials of old worthies in our churches. It was a happy thought of the great artist Watts, that the brave deeds of the humble poor in modern times should receive perpetual recognition. Hence, in the churchyard of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, a series of medallions was placed recording these heroes. An illustration is given commemorating the brave death of Mary Rogers, stewardess of the ship *Stella*, who, in 1899, yielded up her life and was drowned in the sinking ship. This churchyard is known as the Postman's Park.

We have only been able to examine a few of these City churches in our present pilgrimage, but enough, perhaps, to show that London has no lack of substitutes for museums, and that the closing of the latter may help to remove the reproach that Londoners know little of their City, and the experience that what one can see any day is never seen at all.



One of the Medallions commemorating Brave Deeds in the "Postman's Park."

"FOR OUR POOR FRANCE"

A Story of War-Time Paris

By

ELLA MARY FERGUSON

"WHAT is the matter, little one?" The tone was rather impatient than sympathetic, though the words showed such an unexpected interest that Yolande Dulys dried her eyes in sheer astonishment.

"Monsieur Georges!" she murmured, bewildered at his condescension. For in Republican France little Yolande, who lived with her sempstress mother on the sixth floor of an old mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, had never once had a word addressed to her by the widow lady and her son who owned the house and lived in the handsome flat on the first floor.

Yet even this great good fortune could not comfort little Yolande for more than a few seconds, and soon her tears were flowing again.

"It is silly to cry like that. What is it all about?" asked the tall boy imperiously, turning to leave the child with a gesture of irritable incomprehension, yet lingering with a shrug of the shoulders to catch her reply.

"I am weeping for our poor France," sobbed the little girl.

"For France?" repeated Monsieur Georges, his whole face full of blank astonishment. Then, without another word, he walked quickly downstairs, leaving the child to continue her way to the tiny room under the roof where her mother was waiting for her.

"Imagine, petite mère, I have spoken to Monsieur Georges. Is it not a great occasion for me? I always smile at him, and say 'Bon jour,' but he has never seemed to see me before."

"Oh, Yolande!" sighed Madame Dulys. "He must have thought you a little street girl. I shall never be reconciled to your going about alone."

Yolande's face fell. She could never understand her mother's objection to her

going into the streets alone. It was necessary she should buy the simple requirements of their little household, and what did it matter? But to Madame Dulys it was the hardest part of her loss of fortune and position, for in France no girl, and few boys, of the educated classes are allowed in the streets without an escort.

"Don't worry, Madame Dulys," said a gruff voice at the door. "Little Mademoiselle Yolande is watched over by le bon Dieu Himself. You do not need to fear."

"You don't understand, Monsieur Pierre," replied the mother, half resentful of the remark. But her face lightened when she saw the great bundle of kindling wood the rough, dirty-faced man held in his leather apron.

"I was chopping up some cases I bought cheap," he said apologetically, as he carefully deposited his burden in a cupboard by the open fireplace. "And it's made such a lot of kindling I shall never use it."

"It's wonderful what a lot of things you have like that, Monsieur Pierre!" cried Yolande gaily. Her tears had already been wiped away so as not to depress her mother. "You are not a very clever housekeeper, you know," she went on teasingly, seizing his hand and pressing it gratefully. "Not half so good as you are a boot-mender. Just see how I can skip about in these you mended for me yesterday."

"Say cobbler, mademoiselle, and you would be nearer the mark," grumbled Pierre in his gruff, uncouth voice as he stumbled out of the room.

Once more seated at his bench in the adjoining room, he held out his horny work-stained hand and looked at it earnestly.

"Her little white fingers shook hands with that," he muttered, while the wrinkles of his grubby face worked strangely. "I'd give them more than an armful of wood if I had it, my two little ladies—God bless them!"

"FOR OUR POOR FRANCE"

Meanwhile, Monsieur Georges had completed the business on which he was bent when he met Yolande, and returned home to lunch with his mother, Madame de la Fraine.

He kissed her hand ceremoniously, as usual, before sitting down to table, but his thoughts were evidently far away.

"I hear lots of fellows are volunteering for immediate service, mother," he said suddenly. "I mean, men like myself who for one reason or another are in the reserve."

Madame de la Fraine's clear-cut elderly face quivered before she answered:

"What does that mean, Georges? Not that you want to follow their example, I hope."

"Well, yes, mother. In some ways I feel I should. Of course, I know that technically as the only son of a widow I am exempt except in the last extremity. But don't you think that law was really framed to meet a different case from ours? I mean, when a man supports his mother by his work, for instance."

"No, I do not think so. The men who made the law would have made that provision if they meant it. Is money everything, Georges? You are the only thing I have in life, and I will never consent to your volunteering. Besides, they do not want men at present. Look—thousands of trained soldiers have been sent home because there are no uniforms or guns for them. Put this mad idea out of your mind, my son."

"Perhaps you are right, mother," murmured Georges as he passed on to the next course. But before his eyes he saw, not the dainty salad to which he mechanically helped himself, but two big dark blue eyes swimming in tears "for our poor France."

"Have you noticed the little girl who lives upstairs, mother?" he asked after a time, expressing the thought in his mind to break the awkward silence which fell between them.

"Not in the least," replied Madame in amazement. "I must say we are very fortunate in our tenants. They are extremely quiet and well-behaved. It would be very unpleasant if they were otherwise."

"Jack Hamilton, my English friend, thinks it a strange state of affairs to have quite poor people living at the top of the same house as ourselves. There's a good

deal to be said for the English way of living in separate houses."

"But how ridiculous! Who would live on the top floor but poor people?" exclaimed Madame in frank wonder. "Who is this child of whom you speak?"

"Oh, just a small girl I noticed on the staircase this morning," replied Georges carelessly. "I fancy I've seen her before, so I expect she lives upstairs."

"I haven't the slightest idea," remarked Madame. "They pay their rent to the agent, and he is the only one who knows anything about them. I expect they are pretty comfortable. He says they rarely change."

Georges accepted his mother's view as usual, and thought little more of the tenants on the upper storeys. Yet every day as he walked through the streets, meeting soldiers laden with kit, or stepping quickly aside to avoid a lumbering military van dashing forward regardless of traffic or foot-passengers, most of all when he read the placards and knew that the fair hope of driving the invader from the soil of France was destined to be frustrated again and again and yet again—always there rose before him the dark blue eyes swimming in tears "for our poor France."



"Hallo—look! They're not only reconnoitring; that's a bomb dropped, or I'm a Dutchman!"

A fat pastry-cook seized Monsieur Georges by the arm as he spoke, and the two men stood gazing upward in the clear light of an early summer evening, watching the progress of the cigar-shaped, fairy-like streak of light which was rapidly coming in their direction.

Puffs of light all round it, followed by deafening explosions, showed that the anti-aircraft guns were getting its range, but still it went on calmly. It seemed almost as if the creature knew itself too high and wonderful for these earth-powers to have dominion over it.

"Here, I say, it's coming right our way! Come down into my cellar, monsieur. That one means mischief."

Still with their heads in the air, the two men walked towards the shop. The street was crowded, but no one seemed to think of taking shelter. After all, what shelter

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was there from that aerial monster which dropped its bombs just when and where the fancy seized it?

A sickening crash, house and pavement seemed to rock, and then Georges de la Fraine knew no more.

He awoke to life again to find himself lying in a bare room with whitewashed walls, in which several people were moving quietly about; and some—no doubt they were lying down too, for he could not see them—who were groaning in pain, and others uttering weak little sounds which irritated him.

He felt amazingly tired and stupid. His brain, still stunned though consciousness had returned, seemed incapable of any decision, even that of lifting his hand and pushing back a piece of hair which was stuck to his forehead and felt like a ton weight.

"You, monsieur, will soon be all right," said a gentle voice beside him. "Have you any pain? No bones are broken, I'm glad to say."

"No, I've no pain. What's it all about?" stammered Georges, amazed to find himself able to speak—each word was such a tremendous effort. "It's awfully good of you, sister," he added as she began to sponge his face and hands with soft warm water. "Can't I do that for myself? There may be others more hurt."

The groaning was growing less, voices came more distinctly to his ears, and on every side he heard congratulations on a narrow escape.

"Was it . . ." he asked, collecting his thoughts with a struggle, "was it a bomb?"

"Yes; didn't you know?" replied the Sister of Mercy. "Fortunately, it did little damage—to human life, at least, for it fell in the little square; but everybody near was stunned, and a good many have slight flesh wounds."

"Were there any serious ones?" asked Georges, sitting up and taking the towel from her. "Has everybody been as fortunate as I?"

"Helas! No. God alone knows, if even He does indeed know, why these murderous bombs always kill children. One little girl is badly hurt. We are not sure yet how badly, but her arm . . . I cannot tell you. To me it seemed it would have to go."

"A little girl!" frowned Georges, a half-

frightened, half-furious look in his dark eyes. "A little girl? Can I see her?"

"Do you know her, monsieur? A sweet little thing. Imagine, was it not too pathetic? She came to during the examination, and cried out with the pain. Then she apologised for being a trouble, and begged us not to let her mother know that she was hurt. Poor, poor little maid!"

"Has anybody been sent to her mother?" asked Georges abruptly. "Have you found out her name?"

"I am just going back now to arrange who shall break the bad news, for of course the poor mite cannot go home as she imagines. We only gave in to pacify her while her arm was being attended to."

"I'm coming with you, sister," said Georges in a quietly determined voice. "I . . . I simply must see this child. Can you arrange it for me?"

"I don't know," replied Sister Eulalie doubtfully. "The rules are very strict." Then she caught sight of Georges' expression of pain and horror, and added quickly: "Come with me. I will manage it."

Still half confused, Georges stumbled along interminable white corridors, past crowds of scurrying young students and nurses, until they reached a half-glass door, where, at a sign from Sister Eulalie, he remained standing while she passed within.

"The doctors have left her and she has just come to," she said, coming back a few minutes later.

"And her arm?" ejaculated Georges.

"She begged them so hard to cure it that they are going to try, though they all say it would be better to amputate at once."

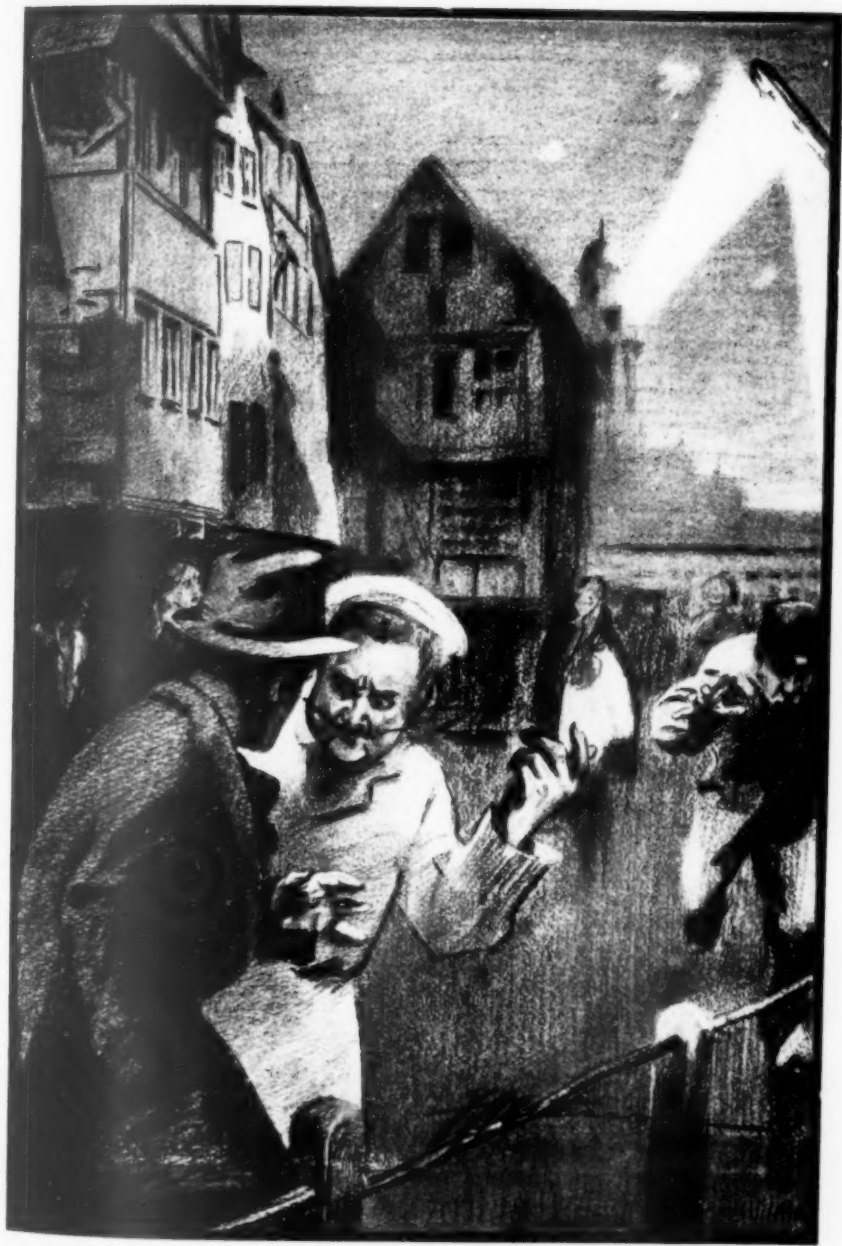
"They must not do that," muttered Georges.

"No; so she keeps saying. She insists most piteously that it would grieve her mother if her arm were taken away. Do you know the child, monsieur?"

"Can I see her?" asked Georges, avoiding the question.

Still looking doubtful, but carried away by the burning desire in his haggard eyes, Sister Eulalie opened the door again and beckoned him to enter.

There, half-way up the ward, lay the little face he had been expecting to see. From the first moment he had felt sure it was Yolande who was hurt, yet when he caught sight of the white, drawn features



" 'Hallo—look ! That's a
bomb dropped ! ' "—p. 875.

*Drawn by
Francis H. Warren.*

THE QUIVER

with the blue-veined lids hiding the eyes which had so haunted him, he staggered back against the table in the centre of the ward.

"You are more hurt than you think," said Sister Eulalie with an impatient shake of her white-capped head.

But Georges put her aside as if he had not seen her, and walked to the bed.

"It is Monsieur Georges," exclaimed Yolande weakly, her tiny face flushing and the blue eyes sparkling with delight. "How kind—how lovely of you to come! I so wanted somebody from home. Will you explain to my mother, Monsieur Georges?"

"I'm going to take you home," said Georges quietly. "You shall tell your mother yourself."

"Can you?" whispered the child. "They say"—with a vague gesture of her uninjured hand towards the nurses who were looking on aghast at this unprofessional behaviour—"they say I must stop here, and they are going to tell mother. But you could tell her better; make her sure that I shall be quite well to-morrow or next day. Will you, Monsieur Georges?"

"I will do anything you like," replied Georges, kneeling down by the bedside and stroking the little hand which lay on the rough coverlet. "But I'm going to see if I can get you home. You would be better there."

"Oh, yes, Monsieur Georges!" whispered the child, her small fingers tightening on his. "If only I could!"

The doctors were inclined to be angry at first, but when they discovered that Georges de la Fraine was anxious to put his mother's flat at the disposal of the little patient, to have unlimited nurses and doctors to look after her, and the best ambulance that could be devised to move her, they agreed that it might be for the child's good.

Leaving Sister Eulalie to make all arrangements, he hurried home, an expression of set determination still making his boyish features rigid, yet adding a nobility and manliness they had never borne before.

"Mother," he said, as soon as Madame de la Fraine's transports of joy at seeing him return safely had subsided. "Darling little mother, Fate has been very good to us. But others . . . Mother, that child upstairs—the brutes have wounded her—perhaps maimed her."

His voice broke, and he turned away for a second.

"I have arranged for her to come here, Mother, we must nurse her—you must. Do you see, she suffers all these tortures for us, for you and me."

"A child from our house injured?" cried Madame indignantly, all the old feudal sentiment of her ancestors responding to the thought of attack upon one in any sense dependent upon her. "How right you are, Georges. But you always think of the proper thing to do! I will see about the guest-room being prepared at once."

"Oh, mother!" gasped the boy. "What a wonderful woman you are! I thought you might be angry."

Madame de la Fraine laughed gently as she rocked her big son backward and forward by his shoulders.

"Oh, the younger generation!" she whispered teasingly. "Why should yours be the only soul stirred by this tragedy? Have I not sat here, outwardly calm but inwardly sounding the depths of hell, ever since I felt the shock of the explosion and knew you were most likely in the neighbourhood? My son, hours like these make one see life with new eyes. Go, great, foolish, noble boy, and fetch the little one as quickly as possible."

It was really a very short time, but to Georges' impatient heart it seemed hours before the unconscious little form was comfortably installed in the large airy guest-room with two of Sister Eulalie's most trusted assistants as her nurses. The moving over, the great blue eyes soon opened again, and at once sought "Monsieur Georges."

"My mother," whispered the colourless little lips, parting in something like the old gay smile.

"I'm going to fetch her," whispered Georges.

As he ran up the five flights of stairs, it struck him as extraordinary that in all his life he had never explored beyond the second floor where he and his mother occasionally lunched and dined. It was with feelings of dismay that he passed from floor to floor, noticing how each one was shabbier and less cared-for than the last; and when, after the fifth floor, with its dull brown paint and dingy appearance, he found that the drugget ceased, and he had to climb up steep, bare

"FOR OUR POOR FRANCE"

dirty stairs, the blood rushed to his face in shame.

He had no time to think of this, however.

On the top step was seated the strangest figure. A short, stunted man with a dirty, wrinkled face, wearing a leather apron of odd, irregular shape, a corner of which he was twisting in his teeth to stifle his sobs.

"Which is Madame Dulys' door?" Georges asked. "Can you tell me?"

"You don't look sad. And you ask for Madame Dulys," muttered the man in a hoarse whisper. "Is there anything good to tell her? Has the little angel been spared, after all?"

"You mean Yolande?" said Georges gently. "Yes, she is hurt, but she will recover."

To his intense surprise and embarrassment his hand was seized by two leathery palms and passionately kissed.

"Thank God! Thank God!" cried the strange little man, dashing away his tears. "Go at once, mon bon monsieur, go and tell Madame Dulys. She is half-fainting with shock and terror—and hunger perhaps. Who knows? I helped her to her bed and promised to fetch the little one, but the first news I heard was that she had been killed. But, indeed—the concierge declared having seen her carried off, terribly injured—dead, he said. Are you sure she is alive?"

"Cheer up, man!" cried Georges. "She is downstairs in bed, and will soon be well if skill and care can do anything."

Pierre stood at the door while Georges entered and tried to rouse Madame Dulys, who was still lying on her bed. She seemed unable to gather her thoughts until Georges said in gentle, insistent tones:

"Will you come to Yolande, madame? She needs you."

"My Yolande? . . ." She sat up and drew her hand across her eyes as if to clear them. "I dreamt—no, I believed—she was dead. I heard many say it on the stairs, and I tried to run to her, but had not the strength. So I sent Pierre. Where is she, monsieur?"

Georges explained as briefly and clearly as he could, his young face full of pity for the bewildered mother, whose pale, emaciated features showed clearly why she had not been able to run to her little daughter. He remembered Yolande's bonny, well-

cared-for appearance, and his manner grew more and more deferential as he begged her to accompany him to the first floor and to accept his mother's hospitality so as to be near Yolande day and night.

Pierre watched them disappear down the stairs with a queer, twisted grin on his face.

"There they go, old Pierre," he muttered to himself. "You and your wood-chopping are no longer needed. . . . And a good job too, you selfish old fool!" he added in a snappy undertone, then tried to whistle a gay tune.

Yet when he had settled down on the low stool in the room which served him as bedroom, workroom, and dining-room in one, he sat still with his hard, restless hands lying in unfamiliar idleness on his bony knees. Perhaps he sat for a long time, though it only seemed a few minutes.

Then the door burst open and Monsieur Georges appeared again, flushed, excited.

"I've tried half a dozen doors, Pierre!" he cried. "But I've got you at last. Come on down. She can't be happy without seeing you. And the sisters say she really must be soothed and made to sleep."

"Me? Come downstairs?" whispered Pierre in his cracked old voice, rubbing his black hands up and down his apron.

"Yes, quick!" replied Georges, taking him by the arm. "Come along, you old brick. Yolande has been telling me how she loves you."

"She loves me!" echoed the poor old man. Then, without even stopping to blow out his candle, he turned and ran in an odd, hopping fashion to the door.

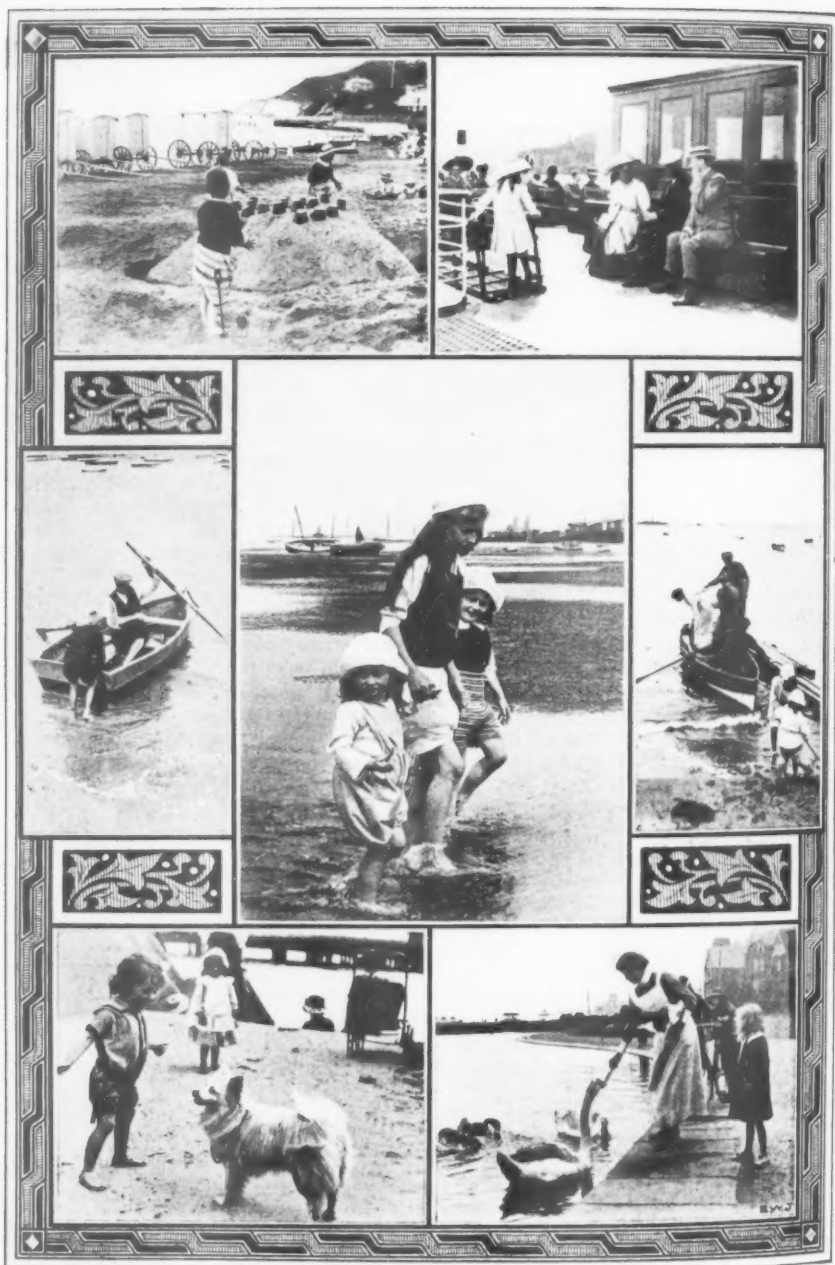
Georges followed, his boyish face dark with thought and self-reproach as his eyes took in the details of the poor attic.

Just before they reached the first floor he put a detaining hand on the old man's shoulder.

"I say, just one word. We will settle details early to-morrow morning before I go. You must look after them for me, Pierre. I can trust you, I feel. You see, I'm off in the morning to volunteer. And the sooner I can get to the front the better I shall be pleased."

"You, Monsieur Georges?" gasped Pierre. "But madame . . ."

"Madame think as I do," replied Georges simply. "I must do what I can for our poor France."



"The seaside is best for children and for those up to early adult life."

Photos:
E. W. Jackson.

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HOLIDAYS IN REASON

Best Ways of Spending a War-Time Holiday

By A PHYSICIAN

THE summer holiday will be more important and necessary this year than it has ever been in the life of the present generation. We are most of us working under very high pressure and suffering from the inevitable anxieties of the war. The brain, the nerves, and the heart are being especially tried, and unless they are given a rest of the proper kind they may, in many cases, sink under the strain. A person may not be ill; he may think that as economy is so essential he can very well do without a holiday while the war lasts. But this may prove to be a very mistaken kind of economy, for if the needed rest and change are neglected the result may be real and prolonged illness, the most expensive of all luxuries.

A few words on the best form of holiday for people of different ages and circumstances may, therefore, be useful and timely.

It has been said that half the people who go on holiday to recuperate come back more tired in body and mind than they were before going away. This is, perhaps, only partly true, for even when the results are not immediately beneficial they show themselves later on in increased health. On the other hand, it is beyond doubt that very few people understand how to get the greatest benefit from their holiday.

How to Get the Best Results

The first question to be solved is where to go in order to obtain the best results. There are great differences among people in their susceptibility to climatic influences. Some, for instance, will find that the balmy, drowsy air of such a place as Bournemouth is soothing and pleasant, while others it depresses into a state of extreme and painful lassitude. Conversely the bracing East Coast air may double the vitality of some holiday makers, while it irritates the nerves and lowers the strength of others. These differences of constitution must be taken into account if the holiday is to be a success. Roughly speaking, according to a high medical

authority, the seaside is best for children and for those of all ages up to early adult life; for people of ordinary good health between the ages of eighteen or twenty and forty or forty-five the sea and the mountains are equally beneficial.

A Careful Choice Necessary

With people of middle age and upwards the case is different, and they have to be very careful in their choice of a holiday ground. Middle-aged people, or at least the vast majority of them, cannot take the strenuous exercise in which they may have delighted when they were younger; they cannot climb hills, or take long and fatiguing walks, or cycle over hilly ground, without risk of the most serious consequences. It is holiday makers of this age who so often come back really injured, perhaps for life, in one or another of the vital parts. Probably the best holiday ground for this class is fairly level inland country. But country of this kind is apt to produce weariness in some by reason of its monotony; in that case the best substitute is a balmy but not too sedative seaside resort.

It is not city people alone who need a holiday. The country may be a healthy place, but life is likely to be much the same from day to day, and a change is really necessary to stimulate the mind and the bodily functions.

For country dwellers the best form of holiday, as a rule, is a visit to some large city where the bustle and fullness of life, the theatres and other amusements, will quickly sweep away the cobwebs. Suppose a resident in the country has a month's holiday, the ideal way to spend it from the health point of view is first to go for a fortnight to a city and then, if his home is inland, to spend the remaining fortnight at the seaside, or, if his home is at the seaside, to spend these two weeks at some inland resort.

Let us take some different types of people

THE QUIVER

and see how they can gain most advantage to their health from the holiday.

A young man (or woman) who leads a sedentary life, working in an office or other place of business, may go either to a mountainous country or to the seaside with equal advantage. Unless he has had daily vigorous exercise for some time previous he should not all at once venture on long walks, much swimming or rowing, or any other very strenuous recreation. He must begin gradually. This caution applies more forcibly to young women, as it is well known that the physical endurance of a woman is very much less than that of a man. The really sensible thing to do is to prepare for the holiday for a month or two before setting out. This can be done by walking a few miles every day either to or from work, or both going and coming, or in the morning before work, or in the evening after it. Of course, if the holiday maker is in the habit of playing cricket, tennis or any other outdoor game he is already in good condition for the exertion of the holiday. But prepared or unprepared, no holiday maker should overdo exercise while away. He should never come home in the evening so tired that he has a very poor appetite for dinner or supper, so utterly fatigued that he cannot sleep. The loss of appetite is a danger signal that cannot be neglected; so is that fullness of the blood-vessels with quick beating of the heart which often follows a too arduous day's outing and produce a sleepless condition.

Smoke and Sweets : A Warning

I would like to warn young men against that common mistake of smoking a great deal in holiday time, and young women against eating too many sweets. The smoking weakens the nerves and the heart, destroying the good effects of the holiday, while the sweet eating takes away the appetite for wholesome food. Now two of the principal advantages of the holiday are the bracing up of the nerves and heart and the laying down of new body material which results from increase of appetite. The need for this warning about smoking and sweets is, therefore, obvious. If smoking were given up altogether while a person is away in search of health it would be all the better for him; he would come home a really new man. Such extreme deprivation with regard to sweets is not necessary, but

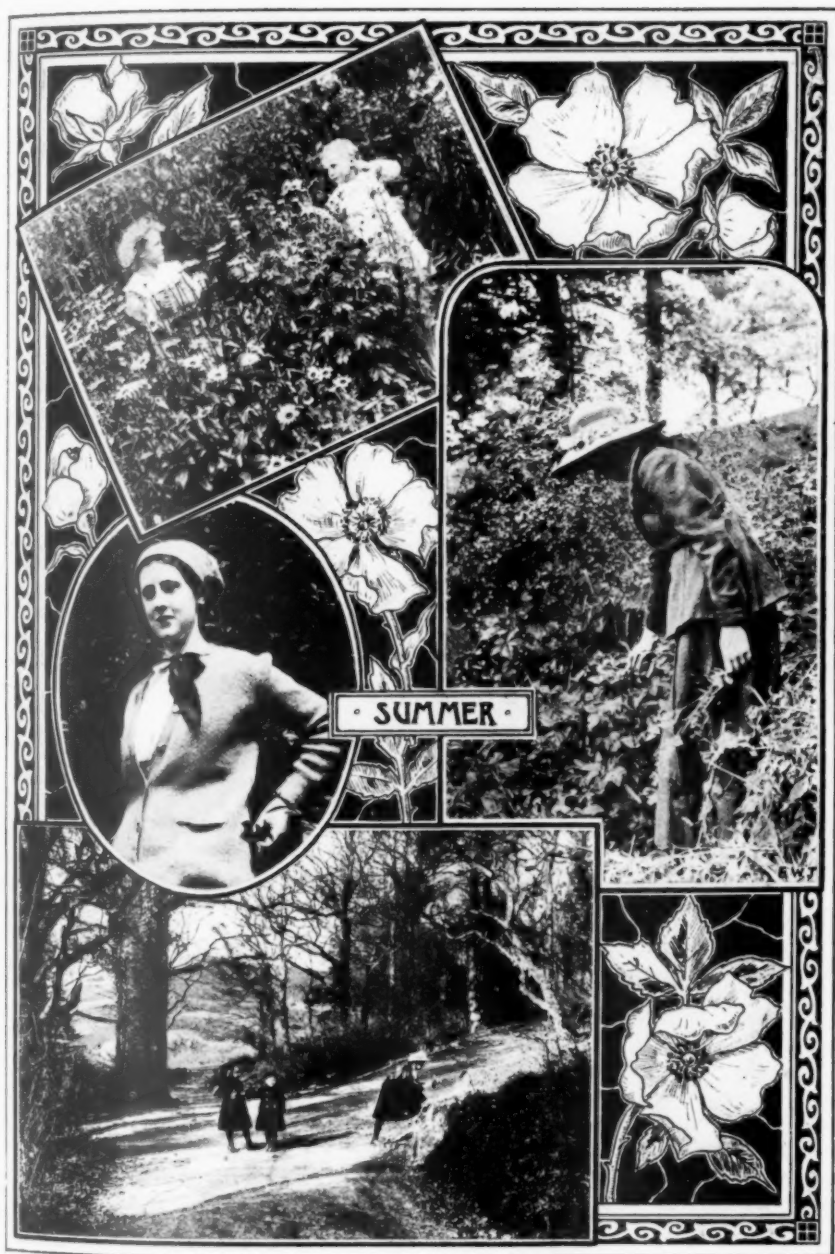
moderation is. Young women would find their health much better and their complexions greatly improved if, during the holiday, they substituted fruit for sweets.

A good deal of time should be devoted to rest as well as to exercise, and for many it is better to take the rest indoors in a well-ventilated room. All-day exposure to the sun is often very depressing or irritating to the nerves. It is a good plan to devote twenty minutes or half an hour to lying down in a darkened room before lunch and again before dinner.

The Importance of Sleep

Sleep is all-important. A holiday maker of either sex should spend an hour or even two hours longer in bed than when at home. Ten hours in bed is not a bit too much, but at any rate the time spent there should not be less than nine hours. Holiday apartments are apt to be not too well ventilated; see that the grate is not closed up and keep the windows wide open at night. There is not the least danger of catching cold provided the bed is not placed between the window and the fireplace. It should never be forgotten that the object of a holiday is not recreation alone but the renewing of the worn-out body tissues, and for this purpose abundance of refreshing sleep is as necessary as pure air and food.

Suppose the holiday maker is the mother or father of a family. How should she or he spend it to the best advantage? This depends partly on their age, but whatever their age may be they should have a less strenuous time than the young unmarried man or woman. It is often eminently desirable that fathers and mothers should take their holiday apart from the children when this is practicable; they should even make a sacrifice of natural affection and be willing to spend a little less money on themselves if that economy be necessary in order to send the children away separately. A very good practical plan is to send the children to some farmhouse, which is often quite as enjoyable for them as the seaside, while the parents go to the place of their choice. Perhaps this is of as much advantage to the children as to the parents, for they are not subjected to so much of the irritating restraint which parents get into the habit of imposing. Some medical authorities go further and advise that husband and wife shall take



Summer-time in
the Country.

Photos :
E. W. Jackson.

THE QUIVER

their holidays separately. In many cases this arrangement works admirably, but no rule can be laid down for all. It is advisable, however, for a husband and wife to go to a place where they will have the society of friends. Any two people thrown into each other's society all day long are apt to become irritable. This is almost inevitable when the wife has no female friends or the husband no male friends in the holiday resort.

The Middle-Aged Person

Then there is the case of the middle-aged man and woman. No one needs a holiday more than people of this age, for unless some change is made in the routine of life the powers of mind and body are liable to sink. No one, too, requires to be more careful as to the way in which the holiday is taken. Even one day's over-fatigue or a half-hour's over-exertion may destroy all the beneficial effects of the holiday, may, indeed, leave the whole body weakened for many months to come. At middle age the holiday ground must be chosen carefully. No rule embracing all cases can be laid down, but it is well to avoid the mountains, and probably a very bracing place will be found injurious for the majority of middle-aged people. Generally a quiet inland place where the time may be spent in pleasant walks, fishing, and "moon-ing around" will best suit most people. But there is nothing to be said against the seaside. There are some people who will get most enjoyment from the holiday if they spend it in a large seaside town where there is some stir of business to prevent ennui.

People of this age should take things very quietly. Even though there be a craving for violent exercise it should not be indulged. Exercise is certainly necessary, but it should be gentle and not too prolonged. For the young, most of the enjoyment of the few weeks' respite from work is to be found in exercise; for the middle-aged it must consist chiefly in rest.

It is said that strong, healthy young people may go anywhere and do anything in reasonable moderation without palpable hurt, but there will be many exceptions to

this rule among holiday makers. There will be young and elderly with weak hearts, weak lungs, weak digestions, poor blood circulation, anæmia, neurasthenia, etc. Each of these will have to take special precautions in order to get the most out of the holiday. In every form of weakness it is necessary to avoid violent exertion of all kinds. The man or woman who has long standing hours during the business year must rest most of the time while away. "Rest, rest, rest in all directions," says Sir Clifford Allbutt, the celebrated physician, "is the great remedy for neurasthenia. But it must not be wearisome rest; there must be some amusement, something to engage the thoughts agreeably."

For the Tired-Out

The thoroughly tired-out person should lie out on the sands, using a rug to prevent chilling, or a deck-chair, throughout the greater part of the day. He or she should have ten hours in bed. The food must be light and digestible, but very nourishing. And in this connection may I suggest that there is much less drinking of milk in holiday time than there should be. Nothing builds up the system after a strenuous year's work like good pure milk. Every holiday maker might well drink at least a pint of it daily, and more if it can be taken with appetite.

What kind of exercise should holiday makers take? This will rest with the taste of the particular individual. Nothing excels walking, but if a particular sport is preferred it will do more good than routine walking. In this case it is wise to go to a place where facilities for the favourite sport exist, whether it be golfing, fishing, yachting, rowing, swimming, cycling, mountain climbing, shooting, or what not. There is no better exercise for the young and strong than haymaking, and plenty of it will be available this year.

A motoring holiday is generally healthful if the journey of any one day is not too long. Yachting is an excellent recreation for tired people. And for the middle-aged and elderly no holiday is more satisfactory than one spent in a van travelling quietly through some beautiful part of the country.



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IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

Short Serial

By Mrs. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY

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FOR four interminable days Anthony languished in bed, aching and disconsolate, transformed from a surprisingly handsome young man into a clown, a gargoyle, a figure of fun; then slowly, surely, the plague began to subside. Darting pains no longer shot upwards to his ears; the stiff disinclination to eat gave way to cravings of hunger; he tossed aside the bed-clothes and announced a stubborn determination to get up. His nurse, the stout, elderly Nannie of the Murray family, encouraged this returning independence. It was "an ill thing," she declared, to tend "a man body in his bed." There was no "haddin" him up and keeping him covered like a douce woman body. He tossed and he turned, he fussed and he rebelled, till she was

driven daft with the ways of him. Let him get up and look after himself! 'Twas not a swollen face that was going to be the death of him yet! So Anthony dressed, shaved carefully over his swollen jaws, adjourned into his sitting-room, and, veiled by the curtains, gazed dolefully through the windows at the happy party upon the lawn.

A game of mixed tennis was in progress. Rose Macquaire and that ass Peter, against Digby and Agnes Murray. Anthony's eyes passed lightly over three of the players, and rested upon the figure of Rose, all white from head to foot, her uncovered head shining like gold in the summer's sun. It is not given to many girls to look their best in the midst of an animated game, but Bonnie Rose had mastered the problem. She played a spirited game, yet in every

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attitude she looked graceful and feminine, unspeakably attractive to the watcher behind the curtain. Anthony had divined, as youth invariably does divine such a truth, that Rose had reciprocated his own interest, and shared his happy expectations of a growing friendship: he knew without being told that his incarceration had spelt disappointment to her as well as to himself. More than once, as she now followed a ball to the corner of the lawn, he caught her eyes turn upwards to the window at which he stood. . . .

It was a cruel trick of fate to keep him shut up for three weeks of his precious holiday, doomed to watch from afar while a charming and desirable girl was escorted about by an ass like Peter! The assiduity with which Peter picked up balls and presented them to his partner at this very moment was a ridiculous and exasperating sight! Day after day, week after week, Anthony knew himself doomed to look down on similar scenes, and when at long last he was ready to come forth from his solitude, for a ducat, Rose would have left the house and disappeared from sight, probably never to be met again!

Anthony groaned and cast an impatient glance over his shoulder at the tea-tray which Nannie now carried into the room. He was tired of solitary meals, and the sight of a similar equipage being carried into the garden put the finishing touch to his discontent. In ungracious manner he kept his head averted, not even vouchsafing a "Thank you," as the good woman left the room. Then reluctantly he approached the table and saw before him a sight which brought with it a leap of the heart.

Two cups!

Somebody was coming to have tea with him! Who could it be? Mrs. Murray paid a short visit to the sick-room morning and evening, but had explained that her duties as hostess did not allow her to spare time during the day. Mr. Murray was an out-of-doors man who could not endure to be caged up in a room: he kept his sick guest supplied with newspapers and cigarettes, and that was the extent of his ministrations. Peter, remembering the health certificate which must be signed before his return to his duties, kept at a discreet distance. The other members of the house-party had agreed to give the invalid a wide berth, since there was neither honour nor glory in a swollen face. They might have

been ready to dare great deeds for the sake of a friend in distress, but they were not in the least disposed to dare mumps. It was the last drop of bitterness in Anthony's cup, that his illness was of a humiliating, not to say farcical, nature!

Neither host nor hostess, then, nor any of their guests, could be expected to use that second cup. There remained only one person for whom it could be designed, and Anthony realised as much with a sinking heart.

Christina!

During the days of helplessness Anthony had been given over to Nannie's ministrations, but now that he was clothed and in his right mind the incursions of Christina would begin. She had announced her intention of keeping him company: the mischief of it was she had announced still another intention, and, alas! there was no longer any possibility of escape. A dozen wild schemes chased each other through Anthony's brain, but before he had time to sort them out a knock sounded at the door, a mellow voice demanded: "May I come in?" and, without waiting for a reply, Christina herself entered the room. She entered smiling, but at the first sight of Anthony the smile disappeared, was submerged, engulfed, obliterated by a laugh which literally spread from ear to ear. Christina shrieked with merriment, while Anthony stood drawn up to his full height, doing his piteous best to look dignified.

"Give it up!" gasped Christina helplessly, hysterically. "Give it up! It's not a mite of use trying to look haughty with mumps! Look in the glass and laugh with me. It's the only thing left to do!"

"It happens to be just as impossible as the other!" Anthony said stiffly; then his sense of humour came to the rescue, and he gave a wry smile. "I *never* look in the glass, if I can avoid it. The prospect is too appalling! It's brave of you to face the shock!"

"Well, you *are* funnier than I expected," Christina admitted. "Let's have some tea to steady my nerves! I shall get accustomed to you in time; but you mustn't mind if I break out into occasional guffaws. There's something so *clubby* about your chin! Horrible bad luck to be shut up like this! There was quite a sensation downstairs when we heard the fell news. 'The brightest, the fairest, the best must decay.' Rose Marquaire said she felt cer-

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IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

tain you'd never done anything to merit mumps! This sweet-cake is from her. She bought it for you this morning."

Anthony stretched out his hands, cut a slice of the sweet-cake, and began to eat it at once, neglecting the scone which already lay upon his plate. Thus fortified, he put the question which had been disturbing his last days.

"How long is Miss Macquaire going to stay?"

"Who can tell?" Miss Christina replied darkly. "She can't go home for fear of carrying infection to her brothers and sisters. She can't pay visits for fear of infecting her friends. It's the same with everyone else. Green Bank is an isolation hospital, and we are all mumping together, waiting for what the next day may bring forth! If you are the only victim, we shall be free in a month; on the other hand, if they all go down, one after the other, each catching the infection on the very last day of the last person's incubation, as is the contemptible fashion in mump epidemics—well, Peter and I have reckoned it out, and we might look forward to being out of quarantine about next October year! Have some more tea?"

Anthony groaned, and his mumps swelled visibly with emotion.

"I'd like to drown myself!" he declared. "I will drown Cransby Minor when I get back to school. No other boy dared to pass on his mumps to a master—but it's just the sort of thing Cransby Minor *would* do! I'll be even with him yet!"

Christina smiled a mischievous smile.

"*Wouldn't* he be happy if he could see you now! Poor Cransby Minor! No chance of a prize for him next term! You won't be too generous in making up his reports! Shall we have a game of chess after tea?"

Anthony rallied his forces to resist the enemy.

"Thanks very much, but I—I'm afraid I'm hardly in the mood for chess. I'm awfully obliged, but——"

"That's unfortunate, for I *am* in the mood! Will you play for an hour to amuse *me*?"

What could Anthony do? Once again he was defeated on his own ground, and Christina scored a success. He began the game in a condition of silent revolt, but before half an hour had passed his interest was aroused: against his own will he began

to enjoy himself and to feel exhilarated by a conflict with an opponent worthy of his steel. The first game lasted for half an hour; in the second, a clever move left him checkmate at the close of ten minutes. He drew himself together and excited all his energies to ensure a successful ending to game number three.

"Now I'll sing you a song!" said Christina.

"That's awfully good of you," said Anthony. "But you don't mind my saying that my head—it *aches*, you see! Perhaps, another day——"

"Rubbish!" said Christina. "I'm not going to make a *noise*. Shut your eyes and lie back. I'll take your headache away."

And for the next half-hour she crooned ballads in undertones of liquid beauty, gliding from one to the other, by means of soft interludes of music, so that there was no break in the gentle harmony of sound. Anthony lay at ease, listening, enjoying, dropping one by one his cares and vexations, drifting gradually into happy unconsciousness.

When he awoke he was alone in the room, and the hands of the clock pointed to seven o'clock. He was lying back in his arm-chair, but a cushion had been skilfully inserted behind his drooping head; a soft rug had been folded over his knees.

Anthony blushed, and he—swore!



That evening Anthony dispatched a letter to his friend and confidante.

"DEAR PHILIPPA,—I am in no end of a hole. Fate has visited me with mumps. I am stuck here for three solid weeks, shut off from the people in the house, and tended by a girl who—(it's a solid fact! I overheard it from her own lips)—who intends to marry me whether I want her or whether I don't! I don't want to marry her; she's not my sort; but she's the sort that gets her own way—sings like an angel, and has a 'way' with her. Honestly, I'm afraid of her, and of myself—bored to death, as I am, and shut up at her mercy. While I've been up here I've been reading a charming little American book, wherein the heroine plays at being engaged to a fellow who is ill and down on his luck, and does it rattling well, too. It set me wondering. You refused to have anything to do with me for good and all—but would

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you stretch a point and be engaged to *me*, Phil, for just three weeks? Theoretically engaged, you know, just to protect me from frontal attacks! There can't be any objection to being theoretically engaged to a fellow at a distance of three hundred miles! A letter a day and your portrait on the mantelpiece—that's all it would mean to you; but I'd be everlastingly grateful! Write at once, and details will follow.—In haste, yours miserably,

"ANTHONY GRAEME."

"DEAR ANTHONY,—Thanks. I am not open to temporary engagements. If a girl can marry you against your will, all I can say is—you deserve all you get. So does she! —Yours affectionately,

"PHILIPPA."

"P.S.—I should like to see you with mumps."

Anthony tore the letter into pieces and tossed them into the waste-basket. He was angry, he was disappointed, he was also disagreeably ashamed! His letter to Philippa had been written on the impulse of the moment, and no sooner posted than regretted. It had been in his mind to telegraph to beg her not to open the letter; but he had refrained, prompted by a faint hope against hope. One could never foretell what a woman would do, and Philippa wrote the most delightful, the most natural of letters. He could not imagine anything that would lighten his imprisonment more than the receipt of such charming daily missives. But it was not to be. The struggling hope expired and plunged him into still deeper gulfs of depression.

By this time ten days had elapsed, and the unsightly swelling had disappeared. Anthony could now show himself unashamed, and indulge in distant parleys with his friends. On one occasion he heard a soft whistling from without, and, putting out his head, beheld the charming figure of Rose Macquaire standing at the top of a high ladder which had been placed accurately in front of his window. As the sick-room was on the second storey, and Rose was raised a good eight feet from the ground, the distance between the two faces was so short that Anthony flushed with surprise and pleasure. Rose had looked so far off upon the lawn; perched on her impromptu platform, she looked

so delightfully near! Moreover, she also had obviously found that distance aggravating, and had, in a very literal sense, taken steps to reduce it.

Anthony beamed; Rose waved a pretty hand, and cried gaily:

"I've come to call. It's quite safe, isn't it? They can't jump all this way!"

"Who can't?"

"Microbes! Mump microbes! I don't want them to come here!" She put both hands to her cheeks in an expressive gesture which made her look prettier than ever. Anthony stifled an unworthy wish that she would catch mumps, and be forced to share his solitude, and reassured her eagerly.

"They won't. I won't allow them. It's perfectly safe at this distance, and in the fresh air. The question of the moment is—are you sure that ladder is safe?"

Rose peered gingerly over the side.

"I *am* rather scary about ladders; but I propped stones against the legs. It will be all right, I think, if you don't make me laugh. And you are not exactly in a laughing mood, are you? Christina says you are terribly mumpy. *Are you?*"

Rose was a finished coquette. The manner in which she put that "*Are you?*" would have wrung a compliment from a Diogenes in his cell. Anthony's "Not now!" was, in its way, equally expressive, and the flirtation, thus auspiciously opened, flourished progressively for over an hour.

Anthony sat sideways on the windowledge, Rose balanced herself at the top of the ladder, and though their conversation was necessarily of an impersonal nature, there were not wanting subtle gestures and glances which charged the commonplace utterances with significance. When, finally, Rose descended from her perch and disappeared into the house, Anthony was left with the impression that she was the most brilliant of conversationalists. Living the interview over in memory, however, he was unable to recall any utterance which justified the impression. It almost seemed as though he himself had done the talking, and Rose's part had consisted in exclaiming: "Quite!" "Isn't that *true!*?" and, "That's exactly what I think!" Two definite impressions remained, however, stamped on his mind. The first was that he might look forward to this ladder *tête-à-tête* as a daily occurrence; and the second that, when she left Green Bank, Rose

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was to spend a further quarantine in Perthshire, in the home of an old aunt, with whom she would, of a certainty, be "bored to sobs."

"And it's all my fault! May I come to call some day, and take you out for a walk or a drive? I shall be in your neighbourhood just about that time," Anthony had declared. And Rose had looked surprised, which she was not, and gratified, which she certainly was. And so, in a flash of an eye, many things had been settled, including Anthony's own future movements which, until that, had been in a mist.

After this interview it became still more exasperating to Anthony to watch Peter's attentions to Miss Macquaire, and he vented his irritation on Christina, who had had to bear the brunt of many irritations during these days of convalescence.

"Peter's making a bit of an ass of himself over Miss Macquaire, isn't he?" he said crossly, turning from the tea-table to regard two figures seated at ease under the shade of a tree on the lawn—the same tree which had sheltered them every afternoon for days past. "Hanging around her every blessed afternoon. Making himself confoundedly conspicuous."

Christina craned her thin neck to look at the couple in question.

"Make a pretty picture, don't they? Rose is very becoming. Why is Peter a silly ass?"

"Because he doesn't know when he is wanted. And if he *were*," Anthony added, contradicting himself quickly,

"he ought to keep off all the more. He is not in a position to marry——"

"He might be engaged, all the same. Perhaps she'd be willing to wait for years and years."

"No fellow," cried Anthony hotly, "ought to allow such a sacrifice! No fellow with any spirit would dare to propose it. The more he loved a girl the more he would feel it his duty to be silent."

"Would he?" queried Christina. She screwed up her eyes and looked more closely at the couple in the garden. "Do you think they look affectionate?"

"*He* does!" Anthony's emphasis was tinged with scorn. "It's blatantly obvious. If it were any other fellow, I shouldn't be surprised, but—Peter! I've heard him inveigh on the subject a dozen times, and vow that he would consider himself a cad



"Rose cried gaily: 'I've come to call. It's quite safe, isn't it?'"

Drawn by
B. Schigel

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if he tried to keep a girl dragging on for an indefinite number of years."

"I've heard him say so myself. Perhaps, however, like most men, he may consider it perfectly honourable to go as far as he can, short of a proposal. A man's sense of honour is a curious thing!" said Christina tartly. She turned from the window, and, crossing straight to the piano, began to play the introduction of "The Enchantress."

"Oh, believe me, love like ours
Is the power of magic powers.
Oh, believe me! Oh, believe me! . . ."

The deep, beautiful notes floated out into the garden. Anthony, watching, could see that Peter and Rose ceased their conversation and sat listening, their faces upturned to the opened window.

Another week went by. Rose Macquaire continued to pay Anthony regular visits in the morning; Christina continued to pay him regular visits in the afternoon; Peter and Rose continued to enjoy *tête-à-têtes* beneath the tree; Anthony continued to watch them with exasperated disapproval. Over a fortnight of his seclusion was now over, and no other member of the house-party had succumbed; but no one ventured to rejoice, no one retired to bed at night without gazing anxiously at the contour of his jaws and wondering what the morrow might bring forth. Then came a dread day when Rose broke the news that her parents had decided that she had better cut her chances by repairing to the aunt's house forthwith, as thereby a reasonable limit could be put to the quarantine, whereas, if she stayed on at Green Bank, and the worst happened. . . .

"It's horrid! I don't want to go one little bit, but it is the best thing. One must think of others as well as oneself," said Rose sweetly. She had a habit of indulging in platitudes, which Anthony could not have tolerated in an ordinary companion; but pretty girls perched on the top of ladders are a law unto themselves, and he simply commended her consideration for others. The conclusion of her sentence was, however, not so much to his taste. "I should never forgive myself if I gave the infection to Peter! It's so important that he should keep well."

"Especially Peter?"

"Oh, I think so. Yes, certainly. Especially Peter."

Never had Anthony so keenly realised the limits of conversation at a distance!

There were a dozen questions which he wished to ask, questions of a personal and intimate character which would assuredly throw light on the problems which were at present absorbing his attention; but how can one ask intimate questions from a second-floor window when he has not the faintest clue as to who at that very moment may be stationed at the window beneath? Plainly, the thing is impossible. Anthony confined himself to an eloquent look and a commonplace reply.

"I sincerely hope that everyone will escape. We all lived so much in the open air that it may be possible. And when do you leave?"

"On Thursday," sighed Rose. "By the first boat. It's getting dreadfully near."

"You said I might call upon you in Perthshire. Does that still hold? I should be sorry to think that we were not to meet again!"

Rose blushed and cast a quick glance to right and left. Anthony noted that glance, and wondered if perchance Peter were within hearing.

"Oh, thanks!" she said hurriedly. "I'd like it so much! But write beforehand, won't you? I should be so sorry to be out, or—engaged!"



The next morning Rose's call was unusually short. She seemed distraught, and her conversation was notably of the "Oh, quite!" "Isn't that so true!" description.

Anthony was left with a gnawing feeling of dissatisfaction, for which he blamed not Rose herself, but the trying circumstances of their meeting. She had had plenty to say during those first happy days when they roamed the lochside together; apparently she had plenty to say to Peter under the tree! Never had Anthony found a day hang more heavily on his hands; never had he watched more curiously the movement of the house-party upon the lawn. His scout qualities had developed during weeks of watching, and it was not long before these trained faculties began to sense something unusual. There was an air of suppressed excitement among the more elderly of the guests, a hurrying to and fro, a final gathering together in an animated group, a persistent looking towards the house—not at his own window—he might have ceased to exist for all the attention that was bestowed upon himself!—but towards

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the door, through which, it would appear, some highly interesting appearance was about to be made.

At last it came. A burst of laughter, a clamour of voices, heralded the appearance of the younger members of the house-party, pressed together in a laughing, chattering group, in the centre of which was Peter himself, pushed forward by a dozen eager hands, the nearest of which were those of Rose herself!

Peter was flushed and protesting; once and again he made a vigorous right-about turn, as if to escape, but each time he was surrounded afresh and borne forward in triumph to the spot where the smiling elders were waiting to greet him. At the last moment the others fell back, and it was Rose who led him forward, still struggling, still protesting, to be encircled once again by the second, or waiting group.

What happened next was difficult to follow from Anthony's point of view. The different figures moved about with a kaleidoscopic effect of confusion; an extraordinary amount of back slapping and kissing seemed to be taking place; and at certain moments Anthony caught a glimpse of Peter's face, still flushed, still protesting, but rapturously, idiotically, to the watcher's way of thinking, indecently happy.

Anthony turned from the window and threw himself down on a chair. He had no longer any doubt of what had happened. Peter and Rose were engaged. The thought of pretty Rose belonging to another man gave him a twinge, but the loss of Peter was more than a twinge, it was a real grief. An engaged man was no use as a friend. His thoughts belonged to his fiancée; his leisure was spent in her



"Something like a lump rose in Anthony's throat as he blurted out his reply"—p. 893.

Drawn by
H. Schlegel.

society. Anthony forgot for the moment that he himself was doomed to matrimony, and remembered only those happy bachelor days when he and Peter had been free and unencumbered, rambling the world together. It is always a trial to equanimity to look on at the happiness of others from a pinnacle of personal isolation, and Anthony, the self-complacent, was at that moment a forlorn and miserable man.

It was about the hour when Christina usually made her appearance. Anthony felt it an additional grievance that she delayed her coming. Evidently she preferred the fuss and excitement downstairs; evi-

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dently it had not occurred to her that a poor fellow, shut up in one room, might be interested to hear what was going on! His sense of injury grew as the minutes passed, and for the first time for many days he drank his tea alone. And then at last Christina appeared.

"Sorry to be late," said she. "We've had a little upset!"

"I know," protested Anthony. "You needn't tell me. I know all about it. I saw! Peter's engaged!"

"Isn't it naughty of him? In his position, too! I told him there was no excuse. But the poor dear fellow *has* tried his best. He'd taken solemn vows that wild horses shouldn't drive him to it. But something happened which was stranger even than the wild horses."

"And that was?"

"Jealousy!"

"Jealousy? Of——?"

Christina nodded. She was looking very gay, very animated; a plain girl, a very plain girl, but bewilderingly alive.

"*You!* Of course. There was no one else."

"You mean, because of—of—of coming to see me every day?"

Christina nodded again.

"He hated it. He's devoted to you, of course, but he couldn't stand you as a rival. It's been a long affair, you see; and, for all his stupid ideas of honour, he always believed that things were understood. This last fortnight he's been growing uneasy. I knew it. I was glad of it. Quite time he *was* stirred up. That's why he chose to sit by that tree every afternoon."

"That—tree——? I'm afraid I don't understand . . ."

"Because it was right before this window, of course."

"I'm afraid I still——"

"Where I could *see* him, of course! Pretending to flirt with Rose!"

"Where *you* could see——? *Pretending to flirt——*" The blood rushed to Anthony's face; his eyes protruded from their sockets. "*Pretending!* But—but how could it be pretending? You told me yourself that they were engaged!"

Christina laid her hand on the tea-table, her left hand, on the brown third finger of which was a ring which Anthony had not seen there before. But if he had not seen it on Christina's hand, it was yet familiar in his sight, for it was Peter's ring—the plain

gold ring with the engraved crest which his friend had worn ever since his twenty-first birthday.

"Peter's engaged to *me!*" said Christina simply. "We've been engaged in our hearts ever since we were children; but I've been dreadfully afraid that I should have to propose to him myself to bring matters to a crisis. He has the man sense of honour, you see, which thinks it quite straight to steal a girl's heart, and quite unpardonable to give her the right to love him openly if he can't afford to marry at once. However, I'd had enough of waiting, and I made a vow that *this* summer he should not go away without having said his say. Before you were ill I really thought I'd have to drive it out of him by force, but, fortunately, he developed a jealous attack, and took it into his funny head to try to make me jealous in return. He confided in Rose, and she offered to help him by flirting prettily with him before my eyes every afternoon. Such a waste of energy. As if *anything* in the world could have made me doubt my Peter!"

Christina's voice, as she spoke those last words, was sweetness incarnate. The love and the loyalty of years throbbed in it; the love and the hope of years to come. Anthony was dumb with shock and surprise, with the sudden reversal of all he had believed and dreaded, with the lightning revelation of his great mistake.

It had been of *Peter* that Christina had spoken to Brown Eyes in the summer-house on that far-off afternoon; the previous mention of his own name had been but a casual reference, dismissed the next moment to make way for the discussion of matters of real moment. Christina had no interest in Anthony Graeme, no wish to marry him; her attentions during his isolation had been a denial of self, a sacrificing of her own wishes. . . . The flush rested deeply on Anthony's cheeks.

"You are surprised, aren't you? I knew you would be surprised," Christina said. She bent nearer, looking into his face with bright, accusing eyes. "You thought it was Rose. And you thought"—she nodded her head with defiant candour—"you thought I wanted to marry you! Oh, you did! Don't deny it. You thought I was a designing minx; and you have been treating me *de haut en bas* all this time to keep me at my distance, and to defend yourself against my advances. . . . And I,

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poor dear, was giving up a whole hour in the garden with Peter to cheer you up! Anthony Graeme, you owe me a big apology for this!"

All the generosity in Anthony's nature responded to that reproach, all the frankness and charm which made him so beloved among his boys was in his manner as he made his reply. To say that he was not discomfited would not be true; but his eyes met Christina's in a full, straight glance, and he spoke with an honesty equal to her own.

"I owe you a hundred apologies and a thousand thanks! You have been the soul of forbearance. You deserve the Victoria Cross for troubling about such a despicable curmudgeon as I must have appeared. There's only one excuse for me—and it is an excuse. I **accidentally** overheard a conversation which I imagined referred to myself!"

Christina stared at him in wide-eyed bewilderment; but it was *her* turn to blush when Anthony related how he had been caught behind the summer-house the while she laid forth her schemes.

"It—it was a bit upsetting," she confessed whimsically. "Poor man! No wonder you were alarmed! All the same, you know, there *were* two schoolmasters in the house, and it did not follow as a matter of course that I was referring to yourself. You are just a little bit given to putting yourself

in the front place, aren't you? Don't mind my saying so, do you? Just a *little* set off to your snubbings of the last fortnight! You are just a *little* bit inclined to imagine that everybody is waiting to fall down and adore!"

"I never shall be again!" Anthony cried energetically. "You've given me a lesson which will last me the rest of my life. Was I really so abominable as to snub you, and in your own house, too? Do please forgive me! Put it down to the mumps, will you? I have evidently been suffering from mental as well as physical swollen head!"

Christina laughed happily. "Of course, I forgive you. I'd forgive the greatest sinner on earth to-day. It's simply not in me to harbour a grudge. And I knew all the time that it wasn't the *real* You, or my Peter would not be so devoted to you as he is. You and I are going to be friends. We *must* be friends, or Peter would be disappointed; and he shall never have any disappointment which I can save him. Will you be friends with me, Anthony, for Peter's sake?"

Straight and true her eyes looked into his; straight and true his eyes gave reply. Something like a lump rose in Anthony's throat as he blurted out his reply: "I will indeed! I'll be too proud! Christina—you are a wonderful girl!"

"One of the best!" said Christina firmly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A PASSING CLOUD

DEAREST, forget

The day that dawned grey,

The mists that rose chill 'twixt our hearts at the noontide,

The eve when met strangely our eyes through the silence.

It was but a day;

Dearest, forget.

Remember rather

Our love the years prove—

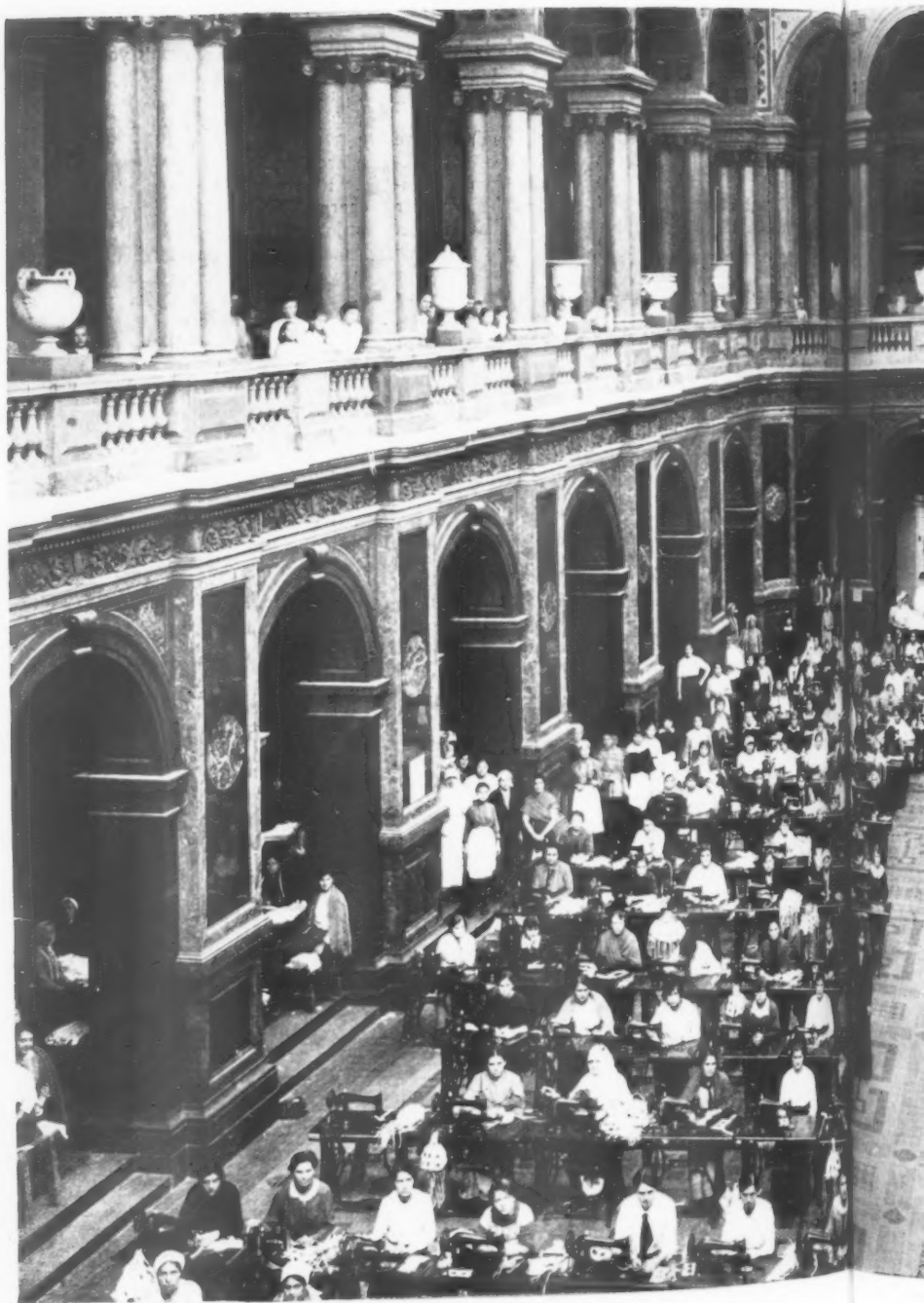
The sun-glinted way, and the song as we journeyed,

The thousand dear memories that bind our souls ever—

Our lifetime of love

Remember rather.

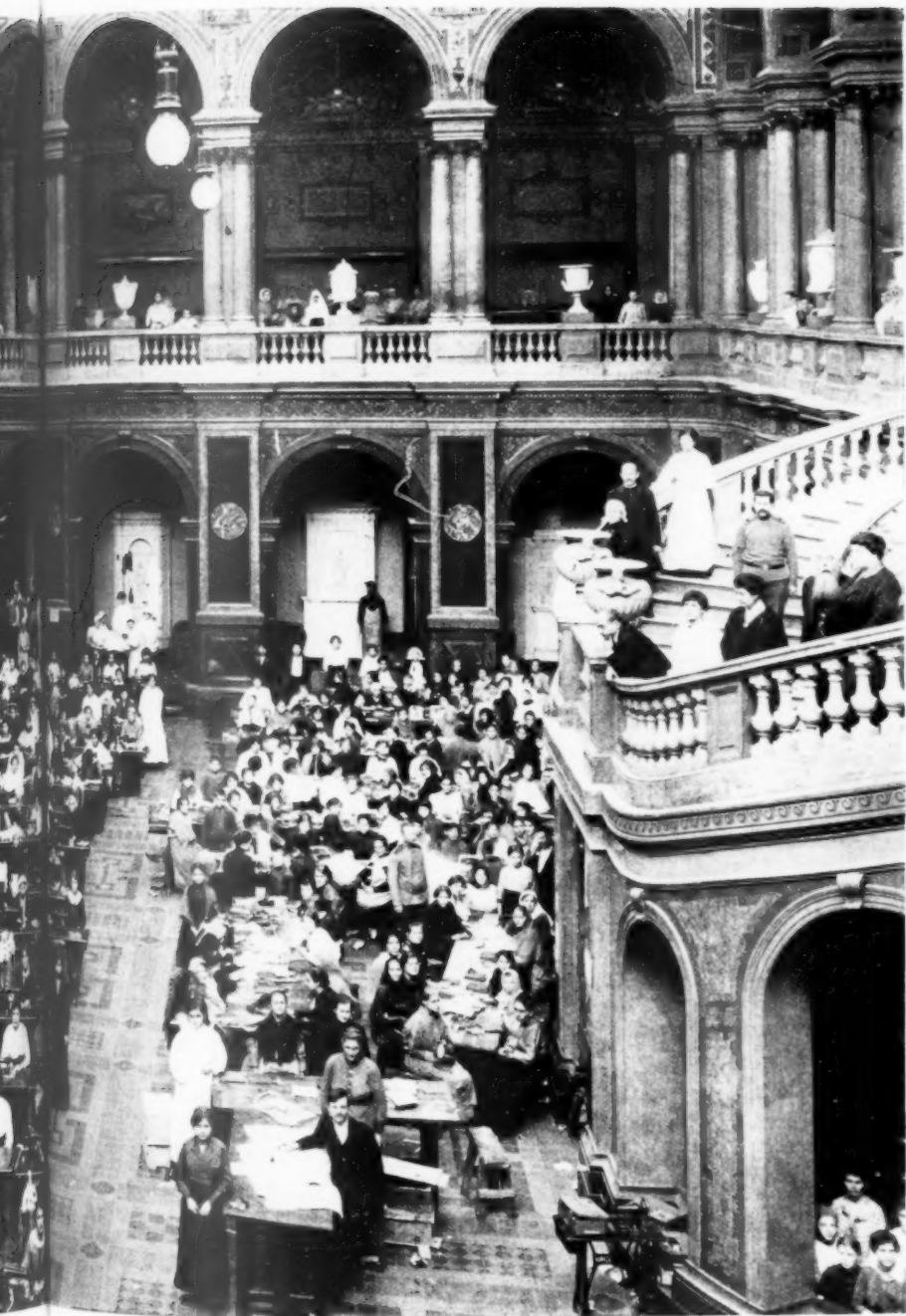
E. M. W.



A ROYAL PALACE TRANSFORMED.

(This is a remarkable photograph of the Tsar's Winter Palace at Petrograd turned into a workshop.)

On
res



On the right the women are cutting up material for respirators for the troops; the sewing is done on the left.

*Photo:
Underwood
& Underwood.*

"LET'S TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER"

By

ROLLIN L. HART

I.—IS IT GOING TO RAIN?

ALTHOUGH it was the great Mark Twain who said: "We all talk about the weather, but nothing is done," I am not by any means so sure. "Nothing done?" Why, bless you, *we* are! And I rather think we deserve it, the way we have gone on gullibly, year after year, predicting weather by cats, new moons, pigs, ants, bees, and what not.

Now, of course, people are more or less in fun when they foretell rain or shine by the cat method, but they seem a good deal in earnest when they consult the new moon. If its horns turn up sufficiently to hold water, then we are in for a month of fine days. If they turn down, we shall have a wet month. Sure prophecy! We get it from the sailors, and who should know if not they?

The New Moon and Rain

Unfortunately, however, there are sailors and sailors, and plenty who tell us just the opposite—rain if the horns turn up, smiling skies if they turn down. And the "authorities" disagree quite as completely about the cicada shrilling, the spider web lingering in the grass, and the cock crowing on the fence.

Nor can you trust the old saying that "the weather must change with the change of the moon." Five thousand times in succession this was tested by a Government Weather Bureau. With what result? Eighteen hundred times the weather "changed with the change of the moon." Thirty-two hundred times it didn't.

Now, I am far from ridiculing all our popular weather signs. Even the funniest had some shadow of sense in them originally, for they originated in countries a long way off. There they worked, and still do. If an Egyptian cat eats grass, it is going to be

a fine day in Egypt. It always is. If you see a Scotch cat wash her face before breakfast, it is certainly going to rain in Scotland, which is not a country, but a shower-bath. But signs imported from one country may not apply to another!

There are, however, plenty of soundly scientific weather signs that are right before our eyes and vouched for by the best meteorologists. For instance, the "ring around the moon," which is produced by a thin, filmy cloud made up of minute particles of ice—a state of things not built to last. Either some unlooked-for commotion will put a stop to it in a different manner, or it will pour "cats and dogs" within three days at most. In eighty-six cases out of a hundred the rule holds good. A still better sign is the "ring around the sun."

Some Safe Signs

This is science pure and simple, and so is the old maxim: "The farther the sight, the nearer the rain." It is not pessimism that makes people along the coast predict a downpour when they can pick out the separate houses on a far-away island, or people in mountainous regions call it "too good to last" when a distant peak, generally invisible, comes into view. They are shrewd meteorologists in making these predictions and also in declaring that sounds carry better when a rainstorm is brewing.

Of all nice convincing weather signs, however, a "sickening sky" is pretty nearly the most reliable. When the deep warm blue grows paler, and then whitish, and your spirits drop, and shadows fray at the edges and disappear, then you have a sickening sky. Rain is not being brought up ready-made from afar, it is being manufactured directly overhead.

The colour of the sky, then, is a fairly

IS IT GOING TO RAIN?

trustworthy sign in and of itself, and so is the colour of the clouds. Intensely white clouds against an intensely blue sky mean bright weather ahead. Greyish clouds on a lightish blue foretell rain.

Study the Clouds

Now, when it comes to watching clouds, a lot depends on where you live. A mountainous region will serve you best. If the clouds cling to the mountains, it is going to rain. If the mountains spurn the clouds, you can count on a fine day.

But you can learn a great deal from clouds, even if mountains are not procurable in your neighbourhood. Study clouds attentively. Instead of giving them a mere hurried glance and judging by their looks alone, note their behaviour, especially their change of size. If they get bigger, it is going to rain. If they get smaller, it isn't. If they part during a storm showing "enough blue sky to make a pair of Dutchman's breeches," the low-lying clouds are already thin and the rain about over. And if they are adorned with a rainbow, it is the next thing to proof positive.

Does it surprise you a little to find that meteorology respects such folklore as this about rainbows and "Dutchman's breeches"? Then see how it honours our habit of predicting weather by our feelings. Many a meteorologist has observed in his own person that rheumatic twinges get sharper when rain is coming, and that his spirits drop. Recognising the fact, science tries to explain it. For one thing, the lightness of the air enables evil gases to

rise from drains and the earth itself. And when half a ton of atmospheric pressure is taken off an ordinary-sized man, it doesn't exhilarate him, it depresses.

Yes, rain is coming, and the meteorologists bid you think back and recall the wholly logical, wholly evident signs of its approach. Wasn't there a ring around the sun two or three days ago, or at night a lunar halo? Didn't you notice "mares' tails" or a mackerel sky, and wasn't the evening glow from the distant town brighter

than usual on the low-hanging clouds? And what was the sky like this morning? Pale, was it not?

When a Storm is Brewing

Now look up. If the storm long brewing is at hand, probably you can already see the flying streamers that rush ahead of it. Presently, the whole far-flung battle front of rain clouds appears. You are in for it, sure as fate—unless it "goes around." But will it? Can it?

Lifting a moist forefinger or consulting a weather vane won't decide that. Study the

wind up above, where the clouds are. Hold stock-still, gaze past the edge of a house-roof, and judge the direction they are taking. Then glance to right and left and see how long the storm's front is. You will soon know whether it means to "get" you.

For there is nothing sly about rain, nothing "cussed." Rain, as a matter of fact, is merely an experiment in physics. Nothing could be more orderly, more reasonable, and, on the whole, more predictable. It casts its shadow before.

Then why does Old Probabilities so often



Lightning as it really is.

Photo:
Paul Georgt.

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cry: "Rain! Rain!" when there is no rain, and "Bright and fair" in the very path of a "drizzle-drozzle"? Why, with his barometers, his anemometers, his telegrams, and his various other implements of sorcery, can't he guess right? The truth is, he guesses right much oftener than he guesses wrong. If you care to test this, subscribe for a daily weather forecast issued by the Weather Bureau, and see.

Worth while? That depends. If you expect infallibility, no. If you expect an improvement on cats, pigs, ants, bees, and spider webs, yes.

For, while the progress of a hurricane or a cold wave can be mapped out days ahead, the minor trivialities of weather refuse to

date themselves so accurately. It is a question of hours, and several of those hours have elapsed while your map was reaching you.

Doubtless, all the weather from now to Doomsday is planned out by Nature in accordance with definite laws, but she declines to unfold her plans far in advance. Rain on the first Sunday in the month no more indicates rain for the following Sundays than the thickness of fur on animals or the quantity of nuts squirrels store up indicates the sort of winter we may expect. Meteorologists have pried into all such signs with astonishing care and patience, and found them as useless, for any practical purpose, as the groundhog himself.

II.—THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

NO doubt it is all very fine theoretically, to let Nature run our thunderstorms, but in practice you would manage better yourself. Nobody knows just what Nature is at, and nobody can guess. But while she has neither conscience nor principles nor ordinary sense, she at least has habits. Consequently, the scientists, insurance men, and Weather Bureaus of various highly intelligent nations, our own included, have been able to keep tabs on her pranks and find out her tastes. For instance:

She hits cows oftener than people, barns oftener than houses, country dwellings oftener than city dwellings, trees at the edge of a wood oftener than those in the thick of it, oaks oftener than maples, and human beings outdoors oftener than human beings indoors.

What to do in a Storm

Knowing this much we can arrange a fairly scientific course of conduct for the thunder-scared.

Run for a house—not a barn. . . . Once inside a house, stay there. By actual count, it is fourteen times as safe as outdoors. And observe just one precaution indoors. As lightning can come down a chimney, keep away from the open fireplace. Beyond this, do about as you like. If you feel safer in a feather bed, hop in, by all means; but feathers won't stop a thunderbolt. It rips solid masonry. Nor will scissors tempt it.

It is in too much haste. It comes with a splash. Once inside, it bounces around without the smallest interest in "paths of least resistance." Try how you will, you can't find the "safest part of the house." But while no part of the house is "the safest place," the house is, and you are there already.

Trees are Most Dangerous

Outdoors, it is another tale, for there you may be crazy enough to seek shelter under trees. Don't misunderstand me when I tell which trees are most dangerous—all are dangerous, none safe—and my only object is to drop a hint to people who are about to pitch a tent in the woods and who, consequently, risk being caught out at night and unable to run for their lives. With the proportion of hits indicated, the list follows:

Oaks, 54; poplars, 24; elms, 14; walnuts, 11; firs, 10; willows, 7; pines, 6; ashes, 6; pears, 4; cherries, 4; apples, 2; birches, 1, with the maple enjoying a comparatively untarnished reputation. Beware of oaks. They are deadly. Their deadliness increases toward the fringe of the forest. Next to going up in a balloon during a thunderstorm, camping close to an oak is the prize masterpiece of lunacy.

Perhaps all this harping on statistics seems futile. Knowing that you are ten times as likely to be shot dead as killed by lightning has its consoling side, of course;

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and yet, if struck, aren't you completely and irremediably done for? Statistics say not. Out of 212 people hit, 74 got well.

At some pains I have dug up the record of a most instructive case. It was hard to find, because so few people are hit. I went first to my physician, who is not only a professor but connected with a great hospital, and inquired about such cases. Although past fifty, he had never seen a lightning victim. So I was forced to search libraries. This is what I found:

Lightning struck a house containing several people. Those who ran out counted noses and saw that one was missing. They rushed back, and, lo! there lay a girl of twenty, who had been struck and thrown from her chair and flung across another. The bolt had hit just above her left eye and gone down her body, leaving burns. She had caught it, full force, from head to foot.

One of the men, a medical student, describes her condition. She was unconscious, motionless, purple in the face, and without perceptible pulse or audible heartbeat. She seemed to have stopped breathing. One eye was shut, the other open.

They carried her to the porch, loosened her clothing about the neck and chest, and plied her arms to produce artificial breathing. After about five minutes, she stirred a little, the dark colour left her face, and the pulse could be felt, though weak, rapid, and irregular. After two minutes more, she turned cold.

Prompt Action Saves Life

They took her in, laid her on a bed, and kept hot compresses on her chest to encourage circulation. After about three-quarters of an hour, consciousness returned.

She stayed in bed two weeks, then sat up a little each day, and at the end of the fourth week rode home thirteen miles, completely recovered, except that the sight of the left eye was somewhat impaired.

Moral: Should someone be struck don't conclude offhand that the case is hopeless. Call a doctor, quick. While he is coming, do as the medical student did. Two eminent physicians comment on his report in the scientific volume I unearthed, and approve unreservedly. Nor was the girl's an altogether exceptional case. Lightning victims have recovered after being unconscious an entire hour.

Naturally, you would rather not get struck, and the story I have just told is a bit appalling because the catastrophe occurred inside a house, whereas the house is the safest place. Then why not protect the house? Aren't there lightning rods?

Alas, yes! And lightning rods riskier than none. That is why you hear that "only country people have lightning rods now." City folks "know better."

Well, the city folks have the right of it—for city folks. Lightning rarely strikes in cities. But city folks have the wrong of it when they laugh at country folks. In the country, where lightning strikes houses five times as often, the rod is either a menace or a fairly reliable protection. That depends on the kind of rod and how you put it up. Get an expert. Otherwise, look out!

Still, a bad lightning rod is not the only guide to sudden death. A flagstaff may serve as well. Down with it. And down with shingles. Metal roofs are best, slate roofs next, and both are fireproof. Fire may follow a hit. Warning: If lightning comes and you survive, go over the house searching for fire, especially where a gas pipe may have been melted open by the lightning.

A Thunderbolt at Close Quarters

At my elbow lies a treatise crammed with yarns about fireballs dancing around rooms, bolts splitting people in two, and flashes that strip their victims and print pictures on them. Let all such books alone.

And better not credit all stories that reach you by word of mouth. People who have been at close quarters with a thunderbolt are exceedingly unreliable witnesses. By being a bit incredulous, you take a long step toward happiness in a thunderstorm.

However, I am not poking fun at your fears. You got them from your mother. As a little child, you saw her shudder and go in for terrified and mainly useless precautions. Scared enough already, you were doubly scared then. It made an impression that has followed you ever since, causing incalculable torment and untold nervous strain. Are you setting a like example of morbid unreasoning fright before your own children? If so, try to calm yourself, for their sake if not for your own. Make the youngsters stay in. Keep them away from an open fireplace, but teach them not to be afraid.

MICHAEL

Serial Story

By E. F. BENSON

CHAPTER XIII (continued)

THE RISING STORM

THROUGHOUT the next week the tension of the situation grew ever greater, strained towards the snapping-point, while the little cloud, the man's hand, which had arisen above the eastern horizon, grew and overspread the heavens in a pall that became ever more black and threatening. For a few days yet it seemed that perhaps even now the cataclysm might be averted, but gradually, in spite of all the efforts of diplomacy to loosen the knot, it became clear that the ends of the cord were held in hands that did not mean to release their hold till it was pulled tight. Servia yielded to such demands as it was possible for her to grant as an independent State; but the inflexible fingers never abated one jot of their strangling pressure. She appealed to Russia, and Russia's remonstrance fell on deaf ears, or, rather, on ears that had determined not to hear. From London and Paris came proposals for conference, for arbitration, with welcome for any suggestion from the other side which might lead to a peaceful solution of the disputed demands, already recognised by Europe as a firebrand wantonly flung into the midst of dangerous and inflammable material. Over that burning firebrand, preventing and warding off all the eager hands that were stretched to put it out, stood the figure of the nation at whose bidding it had been flung there.

Gradually, out of the thunder-clouds and gathering darkness, vaguely at first and then in definite and menacing outline, emerged the inexorable, flint-like face of Germany, whose figure was clad in the shining armour so well known in the flamboyant utterances of her War Lord, which had been treated hitherto as mere irresponsible utterances to be greeted with a laugh and a shrugged shoulder. Deep and patient she had always been, and now she believed

that the time had come for her patience to do its perfect work. She had bided long for the time when she could best fling that lighted brand into the midst of civilisation, and she believed she had calculated well. She cared nothing for Servia nor for her ally. On both her frontiers she was ready, and now on the East she heeded not the remonstrance of Russia, nor her sincere and cordial invitation to friendly discussion. She but waited for the step that she had made inevitable, and on the first sign of Russian mobilisation she, with her mobilisation ready to be completed in a few days, peremptorily demanded that it should cease. On the Western frontier behind the Rhine she was ready also; her armies were prepared, cannon fodder in uncountable store of shells and cartridges was prepared, and in endless battalions of men, waiting to be discharged in one bull-like rush, to overrun France, and holding the French armies, shattered and dispersed, with a mere handful of her troops, to hurl the rest at Russia.

The whole campaign was mathematically thought out. In a few months at the outside France would be lying trampled down and bleeding; Russia would be overrun; already she would be mistress of Europe, and prepared to attack the only country that stood between her and world-wide dominion, whose allies she would already have reduced to impotence. Here she staked on an uncertainty: she could not absolutely tell what England's attitude would be, but she had the strongest reason for hoping that, distracted by the imminence of civil strife, she would be unable to come to the help of her allies until the allies were past helping.

For a moment only were seen those set stern features mad for war; then, with a snap, Germany shut down her visor and stood with sword unsheathed, waiting for the horror of the stupendous bloodshed which she had made inevitable. Her legions gathered on the Eastern front threatening

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war on Russia, and thus pulling France into the spreading conflagration and into the midst of the flame she stood ready to cast the torn-up fragments of the treaty that bound her to respect the neutrality of Belgium.

All this week, while the flames of the Jung firebrand began to spread, the English public waited, incredulous of the inevitable. Michael, among them, found himself unable to believe even then that the bugles were already sounding, and that the piles of shells in their wicker-baskets were being loaded on to the military ammunition trains. But all the ordinary interests in life, all the things that busily and contentedly occupied his day, one only excepted, had become without savour. A dozen times in the morning he would sit down to his piano, only to find that he could not think it worth while to make his hands produce these meaningless tinkling sounds, and he would jump up to read the paper over again, or watch for fresh headlines to appear on the boards of newsvendors in the street, and send out for any fresh edition. Or he would walk round to his club and spend an hour reading the tape news and waiting for fresh slips to be pinned up. But, through all the nightmare of suspense and slowly-dying hope, Sylvia remained real, and after he had received his daily report from the establishment where his mother was, with the invariable message that there was no marked change of any kind, and that it was useless for him to think of coming to see her, he would go off to Maidstone Crescent and spend the greater part of the day with the girl.

Once during this week he had received a note from Hermann, written at Munich, and on the same day she also had heard from him. He had gone back to his regiment, which was mobilised, as a private, and was very busy with drill and duties. Feeling in Germany, he said, was elated and triumphant: it was considered certain that England would stand aside, as the quarrel was none of hers, and the nation generally looked forward to a short and brilliant campaign, with the occupation of Paris to be made in September at the latest. But as a postscript in his note to Sylvia he had added:

"You don't think there is the faintest chance of England coming in, do you? Please write to me fully, and get Mike to write. I have heard from neither of you,

and as I am sure you must have written, I conclude that letters are stopped. I went to the theatre last night: there was a tremendous scene of patriotism. The people are war-mad."

Since then nothing had been heard from him, and to-day, as Michael drove down to see Sylvia, he saw on the news-boards that Belgium had appealed to England against the violation of her territory by the German armies *en route* for France. Overtures had been made, asking for leave to pass through the neutral territory: these Belgium had rejected. This was given as official news. There came also the report that the Belgian remonstrances would be disregarded. Should she refuse passage to the German battalions, that could make no difference, since it was a matter of life and death to invade France by that route.

Sylvia was out in the garden, where, hardly a month ago, they had spent that evening of silent peace, and she got up quickly as Michael came out.

"Ah, my dear," she said, "I am glad you have come. I have got the horrors. You saw the latest news? Yes? And have you heard again from Hermann? No, I have not had a word."

He kissed her and sat down.

"No, I have not heard either," he said. "I expect he is right. Letters have been stopped."

"And what do you think will be the result of Belgium's appeal?" she asked.

"Who can tell? Sir Edward Grey is going to make a statement on Monday. There have been Cabinet meetings going on all day."

She looked at him in silence.

"And what do you think?" she asked.

Quite suddenly, at her question, Michael found himself facing it, even as, when the final catastrophe was more remote, he had faced it with Falbe. All this week he knew he had been looking away from it, telling himself that it was incredible. Now he discovered that the one thing he dreaded more than that England should go to war, was that she should not. The consciousness of national honour, the thing which, with religion, Englishmen are most shy of speaking about, suddenly asserted itself, and he found on the moment that it was bigger than anything else in the world.

"I think we shall go to war," he said. "I don't see personally how we can exist any more as a nation if we don't. We—

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we shall be damned if we don't, damned for ever and ever. It's moral extinction not to."

She kindled at that.

"Yes, I know," she said, "that's what I have been telling myself; but, oh, Mike, there's some dreadful cowardly part of me that won't listen when I think of Hermann, and . . ."

She broke off a moment.

"Michael," she said, "what will you do, if there is war?"

He took up her hand that lay on the arm of his chair.

"My darling, how can you ask?" he said. "Of course I shall go back to the army."

For one moment she gave way.

"No, no," she said. "You mustn't do that."

And then suddenly she stopped.

"My dear, I ask your pardon," she said. "Of course you will. I know that really. It's only this stupid cowardly part of me that—that interrupted. I am ashamed of it. I'm not as bad as that all through. I don't make excuses for myself, but, ah, Mike, when I think of what Germany is to me, and what Hermann is, and when I think what England is to me, and what you are! It shan't happen again, or if it does, you will make allowance, won't you? At least I can agree with you utterly, utterly. It's the flesh that's weak, or, rather, that is so strong. But I've got it under."

She sat there in silence a little, mopping her eyes.

"How I hate girls who cry!" she said. "It is so dreadfully feeble! Look, Mike, there are some roses on that tree from which I plucked the one you didn't think much of. Do you remember? You crushed it up in my hand and made it bleed."

He smiled.

"I have got some faint recollection of it," he said.

Sylvia had got hold of her courage again.

"Have you?" she asked. "What a wonderful memory. And that quiet evening out here next day. Perhaps you remember that too. That was real: that was a possession that we shan't ever part with."

She pointed with her finger.

"You and I sat there, and Hermann there," she said. "And mother sat—why, there she is. Mother darling, let's have tea out here, shall we? I will go and tell them."

Mrs. Falbe had drifted out in her usual

thistledown style, and shook hands with Michael.

"What an upset it all is," she said, "with all these dreadful rumours going about that we shall be at war. I fell asleep, I think, a little after lunch, when I could not attend to my book for thinking about war."

"Isn't the book interesting?" asked Michael.

"No, not very. It is rather painful. I do not know why people write about painful things when there are so many pleasant and interesting things to write about. It seems to me very morbid."

Michael heard something cried in the street, and at the same moment he heard Sylvia's step quickly crossing the studio to the side door that opened on to it. In a minute she returned with a fresh edition of an evening paper.

"They are preparing to cross the Rhine," she said.

Mrs. Falbe gave a little sigh.

"I don't know, I am sure," she said, "what you are in such a state about, Sylvia. Of course the Germans want to get into France the easiest and quickest way, at least I'm sure I should. It is very foolish of Belgium not to give them leave, as they are so much the strongest."

"Mother, darling, you don't understand one syllable about it," said Sylvia.

"Very likely not, dear, but I am very glad we are an island, and that nobody can come marching here. But it is all a dreadful upset, Lord—I mean Michael, what with Hermann in Germany, and the concert tour abandoned. Still, if everything is quiet again by the middle of October, as I dare say it will be, it might come off after all. He will be on the spot, and you and Michael can join him, though I'm not quite sure if that would be proper. But we might arrange something: he might meet you at Ostend."

"I'm afraid it doesn't look very likely," remarked Michael mildly.

"Oh, and are you pessimistic too, like Sylvia? Pray don't be pessimistic. There is a dreadful pessimist in my book, who always thinks the worst is going to happen."

"And does it?" asked Michael.

"As far as I have got, it does, which makes it all the worse. Of course I am very anxious about Hermann, but I feel sure he will come back safe to us. I dare say France will give in when she sees Germany is in earnest."

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Mrs. Falbe pulled the shattered remnants of her mind together. In her heart of hearts she knew she did not care one atom what might happen to armies and navies and nations, provided only that she had a quantity of novels to read, and meals at regular hours. The fact of being on an island was an immense consolation to her, since it was quite certain that, whatever happened, German armies (or French or Soudanese, for that matter) could not march here and enter her sitting-room and take her books away from her. For years past she had asked nothing more of the world than that she should be comfortable in it, and it really seemed not an unreasonable request, considering at how small an outlay of money all the comfort she wanted could be secured to her. The thought of war had upset her a good deal already; she had been unable to attend to her book when she awoke from her after-lunch nap; and now, when she hoped to have her tea in peace, and find her attention restored by it, she found the general atmosphere of her two companions vaguely disquieting. She became a little more loquacious than usual, with the idea of talking herself back into a tranquil frame of mind, and reassuring to herself the promise of a peaceful future. "Such a blessing we have a good fleet," she said. "That will make us safe, won't it? I declare I almost hate the Germans, though my dear husband was one himself, for making such a disturbance. The papers all say it is Germany's fault, so I suppose it must be. The papers know better than anybody, don't they, because they have foreign correspondents. That must be a great expense!"

Sylvia felt she could not endure this any longer. It was like having a raw wound stroked. . . .

"Mother, you don't understand," she said. "You don't appreciate what is happening. In a day or two England will be at war with Germany."

Mrs. Falbe's book had slipped from her knee. She picked it up and flapped the cover once or twice to get rid of dust that might have settled there.

"But what then?" she said. "It is very dreadful, no doubt, to think of dear Hermann being with the German army, but we are getting used to that, are we not? Besides, he told me it was his duty to go. I do not think for a moment that France will be able to stand against Germany.

Germany will be in Paris in no time, and I dare say Hermann's next letter will be to say that he has been walking down the boulevards. Of course war is very dreadful, I know that. And then Germany will be at war with Russia, too, but she will have Austria to help her. And as for Germany being at war with England, that does not make me nervous. Think of our fleet, and how safe we feel with that! I see that we have twice as many boats as the Germans. With two to one we must win, and they won't be able to send any of their armies here. I feel quite comfortable again now that I have talked it over."

Sylvia caught Michael's eye for a moment over the tea-urn. She felt he acquiesced in what she was intending to say.

"That is good, then," she said. "I am glad you feel comfortable about it, mother dear. Now, will you read your book out here? Why not, if I fetch you a shawl in case you feel cold?"

Mrs. Falbe turned a questioning eye to the motionless trees and the unclouded sky.

"I don't think I shall even want a shawl, dear," she said. "Listen, how the newsboys are calling! Is it something fresh, do you think?"

A moment's listening attention was sufficient to make it known that the news shouted outside was concerned only with the result of a county cricket match, and Michael, as well as Sylvia, was conscious of a certain relief to know that at the immediate present there was no fresh clang of the bell that was beating out the seconds of peace that still remained. Just for now, for this hour on Saturday afternoon, there was a respite: no new link was forged in the intolerable sequence of events. But, even as he drew breath in that knowledge, there came the counter-stroke in the sense that those whose business it was to disseminate the news that would cause their papers to sell, had just a cricket match to advertise their wares. Now, when the country and when Europe were on the brink of a bloodier war than all the annals of history contained, they, who presumably knew what the public desired to be informed on, thought that the news which would sell best was that concerned with wooden bats and leather balls, and strong young men in flannels. Michael had heard with a sort of tender incredulity Mrs. Falbe's optimistic reflections, and had been more than content

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to let her rest secure in them; but was the country, the heart of England, like her? Did it care more for cricket matches, as she for her book, than for the maintenance of the nation's honour, whatever that championship might cost? . . . And the cry went on past the garden-walk. "Fine innings by Horsfield! Result of the Oval match!"

And yet he had just had his tea as usual, and eaten a slice of cake, and was now smoking a cigarette. It was natural to do that, not to make a fuss and refuse food and drink, and it was natural that people should still be interested in cricket. And at the moment his attitude towards Mrs. Falbe changed. Instead of pity and irritation at her normality, he was suddenly taken with a sense of gratitude to her. It was restful to suspense and jangled nerves to see someone who went on as usual. The sun shone, the leaves of the plane-trees did not wither, Mrs. Falbe read her book, the evening paper was full of cricket news. . . . And then the reaction from that seized him again. Supposing all the nation was like that. Supposing nobody cared. . . . And the tension of suspense strained more tightly than ever.

For the next forty-eight hours, while day and night the telegraph wires of Europe tingled with momentous questions and grave replies, while Ministers and Ambassadors met and parted and met again, rumours flew this way and that like flocks of wild-fowl driven backwards and forwards, settling for a moment with a stir and splash, and then with rush of wings speeding back and on again. A huge coal strike in the northern counties, fostered and financed by German gold, was supposed to be imminent, and this would put out of the country's power the ability to interfere. The Irish Home Rule party, under the same suasion, was said to have refused to call a truce. A letter had been received in high quarters from the German Emperor avowing his fixed determination to preserve peace, and this was honey to Lord Ashbridge. Then in turn each of these was contradicted. All thought of the coal strike in this crisis of national affairs was abandoned; the Irish party, as well as the Conservatives, were of one mind in backing up the Government, no matter what postponement of questions that were vital a month ago their cohesion entailed; the Emperor had written no letter at all. But

through the nebulous mists of hearsay, there fell solid the first drops of the imminent storm. Even before Michael had left Sylvia that afternoon, Germany had declared war on Russia, on Sunday Belgium received a Note from Berlin definitely stating that should their Government not grant the passage to the German battalions, a way should be forced for them. On Monday, finally, Germany declared war on France also.

The country held its breath in suspense at what the decision of the Government, which should be announced that afternoon, should be. One fact only was publicly known, and that was that the English fleet, only lately dismissed from its manoeuvres and naval review, had vanished. There were guard ships, old cruisers and what not, at certain ports, torpedo-boats roamed the horizons of Deal and Portsmouth, but the great fleet, the swift forts of sea-power, had gone, disappearing no one knew where, into the fine weather haze that brooded over the midsummer sea. There perhaps was an indication of what the decision would be, yet there was no certainty. At home there was official silence, and from abroad, apart from the three vital facts, came but the quacking of rumour, report after report, each contradicting the other.

Then suddenly came certainty, a rainbow set in the intolerable cloud. On Monday afternoon, when the House of Commons met, all parties were known to have sunk their private differences and to be agreed on one point that should take precedence of all other questions. Germany should not, with England's consent, violate the neutrality of Belgium. As far as England was concerned, all negotiations were at an end, diplomacy had said its last word, and Germany was given twenty-four hours in which to reply. Should a satisfactory answer not be forthcoming, England would uphold the neutrality she with others had sworn to respect by force of arms. And at that one immense sigh of relief went up from the whole country. Whatever now might happen, in whatever horrors of long-drawn and bloody war the nation might be involved, the nightmare of possible neutrality, of England's repudiating the debt of honour, was removed. The one thing worse than war need no longer be dreaded, and for the moment the future, hideous and heart-rending though it would surely be, smiled like a land of promise.

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Michael woke on the morning of Tuesday, the fourth of August, with the feeling of something having suddenly roused him, and in a few seconds he knew that this was so, for the telephone bell in the room next door sent out another summons. He got straight out of bed and went to it, with a hundred vague shadows of expectation crossing his mind. Then he learned that his mother was gravely ill, and that he was wanted at once. And in less than half an hour he was on his way, driving swiftly through the serene warmth of the early morning to the private asylum where she had been removed after her sudden homicidal outburst in March.

CHAPTER XIV

DEATH—AND WAR

MICHAEL was sitting that same afternoon by his mother's bedside. He had learned the little there was to be told him on his arrival in the morning; how that, half an hour before he had been summoned, she had had an attack of heart failure, and since then, after recovering from the acute and immediate danger, she had lain there all day with closed eyes in a state of but semi-conscious exhaustion. Once or twice only, and that but for a moment, she had shown signs of increasing vitality, and then sank back into this stupor again. But in those rare short intervals she had opened her eyes, and had seemed to see and recognise him, and Michael thought that once she had smiled at him. But up to the present she had spoken no word. All the morn-



"Then he learned that his mother was gravely ill, and that he was wanted at once."

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

ing Lord Ashbridge had waited there too, but since there was no change he had gone away, saying that he would return again later, and asking to be telephoned for if his wife regained consciousness. So, but for the nurse and the occasional visits of the doctor, Michael was alone with his mother.

In this long period of inactive waiting,

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when there was nothing to be done, Michael did not seem to himself to be feeling very vividly, and but for one desire, namely, that before the end his mother would come back to him, even if only for a moment, his mind felt drugged and stupefied. Sometimes for a little it would sluggishly turn over thoughts about his father, wondering with a sort of blunt, remote contempt how it was possible for him not to be here too; but, except for the one great longing that his mother should cleave to him once more in conscious mind, he observed rather than felt. The thought of Sylvia even was dim. He knew that she was somewhere in the world, but she had become for the present like some picture painted in his mind, without reality. Dim, too, was the tension of those last days. Somewhere in Europe was a country called Germany, where was his best friend, drilling in the ranks to which he had returned, or perhaps already on his way to bloodier battlefields than the world had ever dreamed of; and somewhere set in the seas was Germany's arch-enemy, who already stood in her path with open cannon mouths pointing. But all this had no real connection with him. From the moment when he had come into this quiet, orderly room and saw his mother lying on the bed, nothing beyond those four walls really concerned him.

But though the emotional side of his mind lay drugged and insensitive to anything outside, he found himself observing the details of the room where he waited with a curious vividness. There was a big window opening down to the ground in the manner of a door on to the garden outside, where a smooth lawn, set with croquet hoops and edged with bright flower-beds, dozed in the haze of the August heat. Beyond was a row of tall elms, against which a copper beech glowed metallically, and somewhere out of sight a mowing-machine was being used, for Michael heard the click of its cropping journey, growing fainter as it receded, followed by the pause as it turned, and its gradual crescendo as it approached again. Otherwise everything outside was strangely silent; as the hot hours of midday and early afternoon went by there was no note of bird-music, nor any sound of wind in the elm-tops. Just a little breeze stirred from time to time, enough to make the slats of the half-drawn venetian blind rattle faintly. Earlier in the day there had come in from the window the smell of dew-damp

earth, but now that had been sucked up by the sun.

Close beside the window, with her back to the light and facing the bed, which projected from one of the side walls out into the room, sat Lady Ashbridge's nurse. She was reading, and the rustle of the turned page was regular; but regular and constant also were her glances towards the bed where her patient lay. At intervals she put down her book, marking the place with a slip of paper, and came to watch by the bed for a moment, looking at Lady Ashbridge's face and listening to her breathing. Her eye met Michael's always as she did this, and in answer to his mute question, each time she gave him a little head-shake, or perhaps a whispered word or two, that told him there was no change. Opposite the bed was the empty fireplace, and at the foot of it a table; there was also a vase of roses. Michael was conscious of the scent of these every now and then, and at intervals of the faint, rather sickly smell of ether. A Japan screen, ornamented with storks in gold thread, stood near the door and half-concealed the washing-stand. There was a chest of drawers on one side of the fireplace, a wardrobe with a looking-glass door on the other, a dressing-table to one side of the window, a few prints on the plain blue walls, and a dark blue drugget carpet on the floor; and all these ordinary appurtenances of a bedroom etched themselves into Michael's mind, biting their way into it by the acid of his own suspense.

Finally there was the bed where his mother lay. The coverlet of blue silk upon it he knew was somehow familiar to him, and after fitful gropings in his mind to establish the association, he remembered that it had been on the bed in her room in Curzon Street, and supposed that it had been brought here with others of her personal belongings. A little core of light, focused on one of the brass balls at the head of the bed, caught his eye, and he saw that the sun, beginning to decline, came in under the venetian blind. The nurse, sitting in the window, noticed this also, and lowered it. The thought of Sylvia crossed his brain for a moment; then he thought of his father; but every train of reflection dissolved almost as soon as it was formed, and he came back again and again to his mother's face.

It was perfectly peaceful and strangely

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young-looking, as if the cool, soothing hand of death, which presently would quiet all trouble for her, had been already at work there erasing the marks that the years had graven upon it. And yet it was not so much young as ageless; it seemed to have passed beyond the register and limitations of time. Sometimes for a moment it was like the face of a stranger, and then suddenly it would become beloved and familiar again. It was just so she had looked when she came so timidly into his room one night at Ashbridge, asking him if it would be troublesome to him if she sat and talked with him for a little. The mouth was a little parted for her slow, even breathing; the corners of it smiled; and yet he was not sure if they smiled. It was hard to tell, for she lay there quite flat, without pillows, and he looked at her from an unusual angle. Sometimes he felt as if he had been sitting there watching for uncounted years; and then again the hours that he had been here appeared to have lasted but for a moment, as if he had but looked once at her.

As the day declined the breeze of evening awoke, rattling the blind. By now the sun had swung farther west, and the nurse pulled the blind up. Outside in the bushes in the garden the call of birds to each other had begun, and a thrush came close to the window and sang a liquid phrase, and then repeated it. Michael glanced there and saw the bird, speckle-breasted, with throat that throbbed with the notes; and then, looking back to the bed, he saw that his mother's eyes were open.

She looked vaguely about the room for a moment, as if she had awoke from some deep sleep and found herself in an unfamiliar place. Then, turning her head slightly, she saw him, and there was no longer any question as to whether her mouth smiled, for all her face was flooded with deep, serene joy.

He bent towards her and her lips slowly parted.

"Michael, my dear," she said gently.

Michael heard the rustle of the nurse's dress as she got up and came to the bedside. He moved his chair closer to the bed, so that his face was near his mother's. He felt in his heart that the moment he had so longed for was to be granted him, that she had come back to him, not only as he had known her during the weeks that they had lived alone together, when his presence made her so

content, but in a manner infinitely more real and more embracing.

"Have you been sitting here all the time while I slept, dear?" she asked. "Have you been waiting for me to come back to you?"

"Yes, and you have come," he said.

She looked at him, and the mother-love, which before had been veiled and clouded, came out with all the tender radiance of evening sun, with the clear shining after rain.

"I knew you wouldn't fail me, my darling," she said. "You were so patient with me in the trouble I have been through. It was a nightmare, but it has gone."

Michael bent forward and kissed her.

"Yes, mother," he said, "it has all gone."

She was silent a moment.

"Is your father here?" she said.

"No; but he will come at once, if you would like to see him."

"Yes, send for him, dear, if it would not vex him to come," she said; "or get somebody else to send; I don't want you to leave me."

"I'm not going to," said he.

The nurse went to the door, gave some message, and presently returned to the other side of the bed. Then Lady Ashbridge spoke again.

"Is this death?" she asked.

Michael raised his eyes to the figure standing by the bed. She nodded to him.

He bent forward again.

"Yes, dear mother," he said.

For a moment her eyes dilated, then grew quiet again, and the smile returned to her mouth.

"I'm not frightened, Michael," she said, "with you there. It isn't lonely or terrible."

She raised her head.

"My son!" she said in a voice loud and triumphant. Then her head fell back again, and she lay with face close to his, and her eyelids quivered and shut. Her breath came slow and regular, as if she slept. Then he heard that she missed a breath, and soon after another. Then, without struggle at all, her breathing ceased . . . And outside on the lawn close by the open window the thrush still sang.

It was an hour later when Michael left, having waited for his father's arrival, and drove to town through the clear, falling dusk. He was conscious of no feeling of

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grief at all, only of a complete pervading happiness. He could not have imagined so perfect a close, nor could he have desired anything different from that imperishable moment when his mother, all trouble past, had come back to him in the serene calm of love. . . .

As he entered London he saw the news-boards all placarded with one fact: England had declared war on Germany.

He went, not to his own flat, but straight to Maidstone Crescent. With those few minutes in which his mother had known him, the stupor that had beset his emotions all day passed off, and he felt himself longing, as he had never longed before, for Sylvia's presence. Long ago he had given her all that he knew of as himself; now there was a fresh gift. He had to give her all that those moments had taught him. Even as already they were knitted into him, made part of him, so must they be to her. . . . And when they had shared that, when, like water gushing from a spring she flooded him, there was that other news which he had seen on the newsboards that they had to share together.

Sylvia had been alone all day with her mother; but, before Michael arrived, Mrs. Falbe (after a few more encouraging remarks about war in general, to the effect that Germany would soon beat France, and what a blessing it was that England was an island) had taken her book up to her room, and Sylvia was sitting alone in the deep dusk of the evening. She did not even trouble to turn on the light, for she felt unable to apply herself to any practical task, and she could think and take hold of herself better in the dark. All day she had longed for Michael to come to her, though she had not cared to see anybody else, and several times she had rung him up, only to find that he was still out, supposedly with his mother, for he had been summoned to her early that morning, and since then no news had come of him. Just before dinner had arrived the announcement of the declaration of war, and Sylvia sat now trying to find some escape from the encompassing nightmare. She felt confused and distracted with it; she could not think consecutively, but only contemplate shudderingly the series of pictures that presented themselves to her mind. Somewhere now, in the hosts of the Fatherland, which was hers also, was Hermann, the brother who

was part of herself. When she thought of him, she seemed to be with him, to see the glint of his rifle, to feel her heart on his heart, big with passionate patriotism. She had no doubt that patriotism formed the essence of his consciousness, and yet by now probably he knew that the land beloved by him, where he had made his home, was at war with his own. She could not but know how often his thoughts dwelled here in the dark quiet studio where she sat, and where so many days of happiness had been passed. She knew what she was to him, she and her mother and Michael, and the hosts of friends in this land which had become his foe. Would he have gone, she asked herself, if he had guessed that there would be war between the two? She thought he would, though she knew that for herself she would have made it as hard as possible for him to do so. She would have used every argument she could think of to dissuade him, and yet she felt that her entreaties would have beaten in vain against the granite of his and her nationality. Dimly she had foreseen this contingency when, a few days ago, she had asked Michael what he would do if England went to war, and now that contingency was realised, and Hermann was even now perhaps on his way to violate the neutrality of the country for the sake of which England had gone to war. On the other side was Michael, into whose keeping she had given herself and her love, and on which side was she? It was then that the nightmare came close to her; she could not tell, she was utterly unable to decide. Her heart was Michael's; her heart was her brother's also. The one personified Germany for her, the other England. It was as if she saw Hermann and Michael with bayonet and rifle stalking each other across some land of sand-dunes and hollows, creeping closer to each other, always closer. She felt as if she would have gladly given herself over to an eternity of torment if only they could have had one hour more, all three of them, together here, as on that night of stars and peace when first there came the news which for the moment had disquieted Hermann.

She longed as with thirst for Michael to come, and as her solitude became more and more intolerable, a hundred hideous fancies obsessed her. What if some accident had happened to Michael, or what, if in this tremendous breaking of ties that the war



"Lady Ashbridge spoke again. 'Is this death?' she asked"—p. 907.

Drawn by
Stanley Dallas.

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entailed, he felt that he could not see her? She knew that was an impossibility; but the whole world had become impossible. And there was no escape. Somehow she had to adjust herself to the unthinkable; somehow her relations both with Hermann and Michael had to remain absolutely unshaken. Even that was not enough: they had to be strengthened, made impregnable.

Then came a knock on the side door of the studio that led into the street: Michael often came that way without passing through the house, and with a sense of relief she ran to it and unlocked it. And even as he stepped in, before any word of greeting had been exchanged, she flung herself on him, with fingers eager for the touch of his solidity. . . .

"Oh, my dear," she said. "I have longed for you, just longed for you. I never wanted you so much. I have been sitting in the dark desolate—desolate. And oh! my darling, what a beast I am to think of nothing but myself. I am ashamed. What of your mother, Michael?"

She turned on the light as they walked back across the studio, and Michael saw that her eyes, which were a little dazzled by the change from the dark into the light, were dim with unshed tears, and her hands clung to him as never before had they clung. She needed him now with that imperative need which in trouble can only turn to love for comfort. She wanted that only; the fact of him with her, in this land in which she had suddenly become an alien, an enemy, though all her friends except Hermann were here. And instantaneously, as a baby at the breast, she found that all his strength and serenity were hers.

They sat down on the sofa by the piano, side by side, with hands intertwined before Michael answered. He looked up at her as he spoke, and in his eyes was the quiet of love and death.

"My mother died an hour ago," he said. "I was with her, and as I had longed might happen, she came back to me before she died. For two or three minutes she was herself. And then she said to me, 'My son,' and soon she ceased breathing."

"Oh, Michael," she said, and for a little while there was silence, and in turn it was her presence that he clung to. Presently he spoke again.

"Sylvia, I'm so frightfully hungry," he said. "I don't think I've eaten anything since breakfast. May we go and forage?"

"Oh, you poor thing!" she cried. "Yes, let's go and see what there is."

Instantly she busied herself.

"Hermann left the cellar key on the chimney-piece, Michael," she said. "You will find something to drink if you look. And there's some ham, I know. If you wait a minute, I'll broil some. And there were some strawberries. I shall have some supper with you. What a good thought! And you must be famished."

As they ate they talked perfectly simply and naturally of the hundred associations which this studio meal at the end of the evening called up concerning the Friday night parties. There was an occasion on which Hermann tried to recollect how to make pancakes, with results that smelled like a brickfield; there was another when a poached egg had fallen, exploding softly as it fell into the piano. There was the occasion, the first on which Michael had been present, when two eminent actors imitated each other; another when Francis came and made himself so immensely agreeable.

It was after that one that Sylvia and Hermann had sat and talked in front of the stove, discussing, as Sylvia laughed to remember, what she would say when Michael proposed to her. Then had come the break in Michael's attendances and, as Sylvia allowed, a certain falling-off in gaiety.

"But it was really Hermann and I who made you gay originally," she said. "We take a wonderful deal of credit for changing you round."

All this was as completely natural for them as was the impromptu meal, and soon without effort Michael spoke of his mother again, and presently of the news of war. But with him by her side Sylvia found her courage come back to her; the news itself, all that it certainly implied, and all the horror that it held, no longer filled her with the sense that it was impossibly terrible. Michael did not diminish the awfulness of it, but he gave her the power of looking out bravely at it, of facing it squarely. Nor did he shrink from speaking of all that had been to her so grim a nightmare.

"You haven't heard from Hermann?" he asked.

"No. And I suppose we can't hear now. He is with his regiment, that's all; nor shall we hear of him till there is peace again."

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She came a little closer to him.

"Michael, I have to face it, that I may never see Hermann again," she said. "Mother doesn't fear it, you know. She—the darling—she lives in a sort of dream. I don't want her to wake from it. But how can I get accustomed to the thought that perhaps I shan't see Hermann again? I must get accustomed to it: I've got to live with it, and not quarrel with it."

He took up her hand, enclosing it in his.

"But, one doesn't quarrel with the big things of life," he said. "Isn't it so? We haven't any quarrel with things like death and duty. Dear me, I'm afraid I'm preaching."

"Preach, then," she said.

"Well, it's just that. We don't quarrel with them: they manage themselves. Hermann's going managed itself. It had to be."

Her voice quivered as she spoke now.

"Are you going?" she asked. "Will that have to be?"

Michael looked at her a moment with infinite tenderness.

"Oh, my dear, of course it will," he said.

"Of course, one doesn't know yet what the War Office will do about the Army. I suppose it's possible that they will send troops to France. All that concerns me is that I shall rejoin again if they call up the Reserves."

"And they will?"

"Yes, I should think that is inevitable. And you know there's something big about it. I'm not warlike, you know, but I could not fail to be a soldier under these new conditions, any more than I could continue being a soldier when all it meant was to be ornamental. Hermann in bursts of pride and patriotism used to call us toy-soldiers. But he's wrong now; we're not going to be toy-soldiers any more."

She did not answer him, but he felt her hand press close in the palm of his.

"I can't tell you how I dreaded we shouldn't go to war," he said. "That has been a nightmare, if you like. It would have been the end of us if we had stood aside and seen Germany violate a solemn treaty."

Even with Michael close to her, the call of her blood made itself audible to Sylvia. Instinctively she withdrew her hand from his.

"Ah, you don't understand Germany at all," she said. "Hermann always felt that

too. He told me he felt he was talking gibberish to you when he spoke of it. It is clearly life and death to Germany to move against France as quickly as possible."

"But there's a direct frontier between the two," said he.

"No doubt, but an impossible one."

Michael frowned, drawing his big eyebrows together.

"But nothing can justify the violation of a national oath," he said. "That's the basis of civilisation, a thing like that."

"But if it's a necessity? If a nation's existence depends on it?" she asked. "Oh, Michael, I don't know! I don't know! For a little I am entirely English, and then something calls to me from beyond the Rhine! There's the hopelessness of it for me and such as me. You are English: there's no question about it for you. But for us! I love England: I needn't tell you that. But can one ever forget the land of one's birth? Can I help feeling the necessity Germany is under? I can't believe that she has wantonly provoked war with you."

"But consider—" said he.

She got up suddenly.

"I can't argue about it," she said. "I am English and I am German. You must make the best of me as I am. But do be sorry for me, and never, never forget that I love you entirely. That's the root fact between us. I can't go deeper than that, because that reaches to the very bottom of my soul. Shall we leave it so, Michael, and not ever talk of it again? Wouldn't that be best?"

There was no question of choice for Michael in accepting that appeal. He knew with the inmost fibre of his being that, Sylvia being Sylvia, nothing that she could say or do or feel could possibly part him from her.

When he looked at it directly and simply like that, here was nothing that could blur the verity of it. But the truth of what she said, the reality of that call of the blood, seemed to cast a shadow over it. He knew beyond all other knowledge that it was there: only it looked out at him with a shadow, faint, but unmistakable, fallen across it. But the sense of that made him the more eagerly accept her suggestion.

"Yes, darling, we'll never speak of it again," he said. "That would be much wiser."

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Lady Ashbridge's funeral took place three days afterwards, down in Suffolk, and those hours detached themselves in Michael's mind from all that had gone before, and all that might follow, like a little piece of blue sky in the midst of storm clouds. The limitations of man's consciousness, which forbid him to think poignantly about two things at once, hedged that day in with an impenetrable barrier, so that while it lasted, and afterwards for ever in memory, it was unflecked by trouble or anxiety, and hung between heaven and earth in a serenity of its own.

The coffin lay that night in his mother's bedroom, which was next to Michael's, and when he went up to bed he found himself listening for any sound that came from there.

It seemed but yesterday when he had gone rather early upstairs, and after sitting a minute or two in front of his fire, had heard that timid knock on the door, which had meant the opening of a mother's heart to him. He felt it would scarcely be strange if that knock came again, and if she entered once more to be with him. From the moment he came upstairs, the rest of the world was shut down to him; he entered his bedroom as if he entered a sanctuary that was scented with the incense of her love.

He knew exactly how her knock had sounded when she came in here that night when first it burned for him: his ears were alert for it to come again. Once his blind tapped against the frame of his open window, and, though knowing it was that, he heard himself whisper—for she could hear his whisper—"Come in, mother," and sat up in his deep chair, looking towards the door. But only the blind tapped again, and outside in the moonlit dusk an owl hooted.

He remembered she liked owls. Once, when they lived alone in Curzon Street, some noise outside reminded her of the owls that hooted at Ashbridge—she had imitated their note, saying it sounded like sleep. . . . She had sat in a chintz-covered chair close to him when at Christmas she paid him that visit, and now he again drew it close to his own, and laid his hand on its arm. Petsy II. had come in with her, and she had hoped that he would not annoy Michael.

There were steps in the passage outside his room, and he heard a little shrill bark.

He opened his door and found his mother's maid there, trying to entice Petsy away from the room next to his. The little dog was curled up against it, and now and then he turned round scratching at it, asking to enter.

"He won't come away, my lord," said the maid; "he's gone back a dozen times to the door."

Michael bent down.

"Come, Petsy," he said, "come to bed in my room."

The dog looked at him for a moment, as if weighing his trustworthiness. Then he got up and, with grotesque Chinese high-stepping walk, came to him.

"He'll be all right with me," he said to the maid.

He took Petsy into his room next door, and laid him on the chair in which his mother had sat. The dog moved round in a circle once or twice, and then settled himself down to sleep. Michael went to bed also, and lay awake about a couple of minutes, not thinking, but only being, while the owls hooted outside.

He awoke into complete consciousness, knowing that something had aroused him, even as three days ago when the telephone rang to summon him to his mother's death-bed. Then he did not know what had awakened him, but now he was sure that there had been a tapping on his door. And after he had sat up in bed completely awake, he heard Petsy give a little welcoming bark. Then came the noise of his tail beating against the cushion in the chair.

Michael had no feeling of fright at all, only of longing for something that physically could not be. And longing, only longing, once more he said:

"Come in, mother."

He believed he heard the door whisper on the carpet, but he saw nothing. Only, the room was full of his mother's presence. It seemed to him that, in obedience to her, he lay down completely satisfied. . . . He felt no curiosity to see or hear more. She was there, and that was enough for Michael.

He woke again a little after dawn. Petsy between the window and the door had jumped on to his bed to get out of the draught of the morning wind. For the door was opened.

That morning the coffin was carried down the long winding path above the deep-water

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reach, where Michael and Francis at Christmas had heard the sound of stealthy rowing, and on to the boat that awaited it to ferry it across to the church. There was high tide, and, as they passed over the estuary, the stillness of supreme noon bore to them the tolling of the bell.

The mourners from the house followed, just three of them, Lord Ashbridge, Michael, and Aunt Barbara, for the rest were to assemble at the church. But of all that, one moment stood out for Michael above all others, when, as they entered the graveyard, someone whom he could not see said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and as he heard that his father, by whom he walked, suddenly caught his breath in a sob.

All that day there persisted that sense of complete detachment from all but her whose body they had laid to rest on the windy hill overlooking the broad water. His father, Aunt Barbara, the cousins and relations who

thronged the church were no more than inanimate shadows compared with her whose presence had come last night into his room, and had not left him since. The affairs of the world, drums and the torch of war, had passed for those hours from his knowledge, as at the centre of a cyclone there was a windless calm. To-morrow he knew he would pass out into the tumult again, and the minutes slipped like pearls from a string, dropping into the dim gulf where the tempest raged. . . .

He went back to town next morning, after a short interview with his father—who was coming up later in the day—when he told him that he intended to go back to his regiment as soon as possible. But, knowing that he meant to go by the slow midday train, his father proposed to stop the express for him that went through a few minutes before. Michael could hardly believe his ears. . . .

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





Photo : H. W. Fincham.

A Rain Song

NO matter how the clouds may frown,
The rain a gay song patters down ;
Before the wind it leads the way,
With many a cheery roundelay ;
And, if you listen, you may hear
How e'en the rain doth bring good cheer.

No matter how the storm may shout,
The dancing rain-drops, I've no doubt,
Sing in a merry undertone,
A little song that's all their own—
It's of the sunlight, bright and warm,
That shineth after every storm.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.



God at His Palace Gate

IT is related of a wise Eastern ruler that when he died he left word to his people that his son would be their king, and though they had never seen his face they would judge of his government by his acts. The people promised obedience. The influence of the new ruler was wise and kind, and like the beams of the sun, it strained out of the royal palace, bringing joy to every subject.

The people marvelled and said : " We see him not ; how does he understand so well ? "

They came to the palace gates, and said : " Let the king suffer us to see his face." The king came forth to them in his royal robes, and when they saw him they rejoiced, and said : " We know thy face." He had walked so often with them as their friend, showing love and kindness to all, that when they saw him in the palace his kingly robes did not disguise him. They knew him.

In the incarnation our King comes to the palace gate and lets us see His face. " The Word became flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth."—REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.



The Human Touch

A VISITOR to a glass manufactory saw a man moulding clay into the great pots which were used in shaping the glass. Noticing that all the moulding was done by hand, he said to the workman, " Why do you not use a tool to aid you in shaping the clay ? " The man replied : " There is no tool that can do this work. We have tried different ones, but somehow it needs the human touch." There is much of the Lord's work that likewise needs the "human touch." The Divine Hand would have been too glorious, too dazzling, too bright, if

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

it had been reached out of heaven to help, to lift up to save, to wipe away tears, to heal heart wounds, to be laid in benediction on children's heads; and, therefore, God took a human form, that with a human hand He might touch the sinful and the sorrowing.

And now that Christ has gone away again into heaven, He does not reach out of the skies that glorified Hand, which burns with splendour, to do His work of love in this world, but uses our common hands, yours and mine, sending us to do in His name the gentle things He would have done for His little ones.



At Our Doors

THE Italians have a legend of an artist who desired to carve, from wood, a statue of the Madonna. Long had he studied and prayed to fit himself for the work. At last he felt that he was ready to begin. He had decided that the figure must be carved from sandalwood, and he went up and down the land seeking for a block of wood worthy to be used for his purpose. Again and again his hopes were dashed to the ground; never did he find that for which he sought. At last, despondent, sick at heart, he returned to his home. On his first night there he slept soundly, and in his dream an angel appeared.

"You have looked in the wrong place, O weary man," the angelic visitor declared. "The block of wood you seek is the oaken log that is at your door ready for the kitchen fire. From that your masterpiece may be carved."

The artist woke in the grey dawn. At his door lay the log of oak, and, as soon as it was light, he began work upon it. The statue he carved was not only the pride of his native town, but also the comfort and solace of many.—HOPE DARING.



The Voice of the Flowers

ONE day I said to the flowers, "Tell me who you are." What a confusion of happy voices! They all spoke at once. From mountain and valley, from river bank and dewy dell, from wayside and hill-side, from jardinière and garden plot, from many lands and many climes, came sweet harmonies. And this was their message:

"Who are we? You must know us, for you see us everywhere, in the windows of the poor and the gardens of the rich, in the park and in the wild wood. A flowerless world would be like a sunless day or a starless night. You consciously or unconsciously feel our beauty and purity.

"We are rainbows of promise and cheer—products of the artist's brush when dipped in sunlight and shower—weapons of light and love, putting to flight the demons of darkness and woe.

"We are heralds of beauty, for God looked on us and smiled.

"We are angels of mercy to whom you must give wings. We utter the unuttered thoughts of lovers, and the voice of the flowers rings true. Our coming tells the knell of winter, for the resurrection of the flowers marks its final judgment day.

"We gladden the heart and fill the hands of romping children and grace the bridal train with added beauty. We cover the marriage altar and fill the banquet hall with cheerful colouring, emblemed wreath and festooned thought.

"We enter the room of the sick and the dying.

"We speak the deepest language of your inmost soul, and with such speech call forth the deep love of other hearts. Our presence purifies and glorifies childhood, youth, and age.

"Upon the soldier's grave we keep alive sweet memories, and speak undying love and loyalty to God, to home, and to our country's flag. Oft-times baptised with tears, we tell of hearts, which like the broken alabaster box, pour forth the sweetest ointment.

"We cover the casket of death. We veil the horror of the grave, and breathe the promise of the life that is beyond. The voice of the flowers rings true."—W. H. JORDAN.



Justice and Worship

THE Arabs say, that "one hour of justice is better than a thousand hours of worship." One hour of honesty and faithfully doing God's will in justice and kindness to our fellow men, is better than days of prayer with that duty left undone. Some time we shall learn that worship does not mean words, but the attitude of the spirit, however expressed.



The Best Proof

BISHOP VINCENT says: "The best proof of the divinity of the Christian religion is the daily life of the Christian himself." Let us remember that what Christianity is to do in the future for the world depends in large measure upon what we individually do to promote the growth and influence of the faith which we profess.

A KING'S PLAYFELLOW

A Story for Children

By DOROTHEA MOORE

ONE stiff, high-backed chair drawn up to the polished table in the window; one china bowl of bread-and-milk standing there.

That was what a certain pair of quick, black eyes saw, as their owner raised them cautiously above the level of Colonel Hobart's window-sill to look in at the open latticed pane. Only that, for the room was empty.

The glowing sunset of September lit up all its corners. The black eyes took note that a battered wooden doll sat slantingly in one, with a small square of stuff, worked in cross-stitch, the use of which was unknown to the owner of the black eyes, spread precariously upon its slope of lap.

A sudden smile showed white teeth in the brown-complexioned young face. "A child's room, this!"

He raised himself a little higher, showing himself for a long-limbed, shabby fellow, with black hair cropped so jaggedly as to fall into his eyes and about his ears. The eyes beneath that rough thatch were fixed all too longingly upon the bread-and-milk.

Still the room remained empty, and the window, though not over-large, had width sufficient to give at least a good chance of one of his build squeezing through it. About his intentions when the other side of the window was attained perhaps the less said the better.

He was half-way through that window when the door opened a very little way, and the rightful owner of the bread-and-milk came in—a little maid of some six or seven years, with wide, wondering blue eyes, and fair hair put back tidily beneath a stiff white cap.

The ragged fellow in the window made a desperate attempt to retreat, but there was little room even for his leanness. His torn doublet caught in the window hasp, and the little maiden's round, blue eyes were fixed full upon him before he could disentangle it. He spoke then, with a movement of

his shoulders that would have been a shrug but for the lack of space.

"I'm not Red Riding Hood's wolf come to gobble you up, upon my honour, little mistress."

The serious eyes smiled. "I am not afraid of that wicked old wolf," the little maiden told him. "Brother Robin plays at being him by times, and goes 'Gobble, gobble,' but I run and hide so that he cannot catch and eat me."

"And is Brother Robin coming to play the wolf to-night?" Black Eyes inquired, disentangling his sleeve as he spoke.

The blue eyes filled with tears. "No, sir; Robin has not played with me these five days—he is very sick, and Tabitha makes me eat my supper all alone, and there is no one to play with me."

Black Eyes gave a swift, backward glance; then he scrambled altogether through the window.

"Since Mrs. Tabitha and Robin deny you their company, will you have mine instead, little mistress?"

She dimpled into smiles again. "Oh, will you be my guest, as though you were a grave gentleman, come to visit father? And will you sup with me?—only there is nothing but bread-and-milk."

"A supper for a king!" he assured her heartily, and they emptied the bowl, eating spoonful by spoonful in turn, Mistress Lettice Hobart perched confidently upon the knee of her guest.

"Since I have taken Brother Robin's place at supper, it is only mannerly to take his part for him as playfellow also." Thus Black Eyes, with a twinkle, when the bowl stood empty. "At what hour does Dame Tabitha fetch you to bed, little madam, and how do you and Robin occupy yourselves meanwhile—playing with the wooden baby, there?"

Mistress Lettice shook her small head very wisely.

"Oh, no, Robin is a big boy, full nine years old; and big boys do not like dolls,

A KING'S PLAYFELLOW

He calls my darling Betsy ugly, and says there is no paint left upon her face. We play at whoop-hide mostly, in the old garrets atop of all the house, and Tabitha stamps and calls, and says, 'I see you, you bad children!' but she never does, you know. That is just pretence to make us come out and go to bed."

The black-eyed guest laughed heartily. "And do you never tell Mrs. Tabitha where you have hidden, when you have come out?"

"No, never. We never tell no one of our hiding-places, Brother Robin and I. We slip out like mice when Tabitha is growing cross, and no one knows."

The little maid looked up at him imploringly. "If you would only play at whoop-hide with me, sir! I would show you our best hiding-places, even that on the great beam. Robin would not call it telling to tell you, I am assured, when you have come to be my playfellow."

She could not guess what brought that whimsical expression to his face, as he looked down into her pleading one.

"Faith! little one, I should at least know how to hide myself—but yet . . ."

He was interrupted. A sound came, borne on the fresh breeze, through the open window, the sound of many horses that galloped in haste nearer and nearer.

Black Eyes gave one quick glance over his shoulder at the window, then caught at the little maid's hand with his merry laugh. "Very well then, the game of whoop-hide shall it be, and let us see to it that we puzzle Mrs. Tabitha this evening. Where are your garrets, sweetheart?"

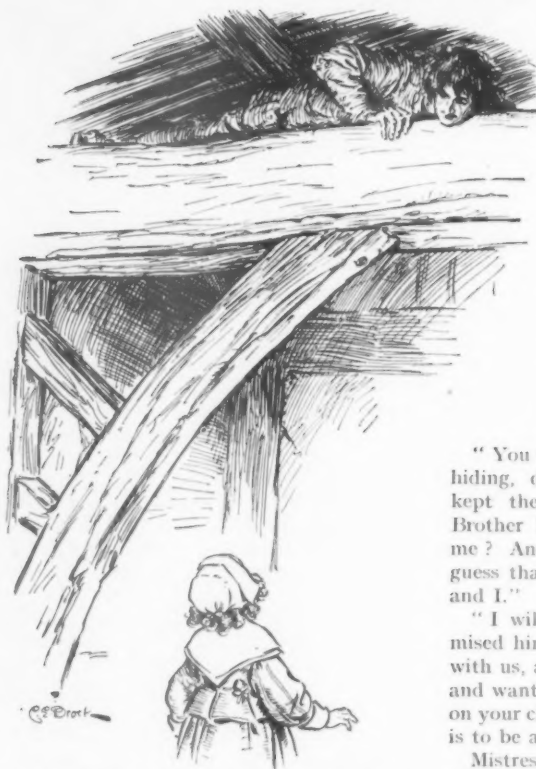
Together they tip-toed from the room and up the stairs, that creaked, in seeming desire to betray them—scarce three feet of one and full six of the other, but mighty good comrades and playfellows none the less. The broad stair from the hall was scaled in safety, but as they reached the foot of the narrower garret stairway there



"Black Eyes scrambled through the window."

Drawn by
C. E. Brock.

THE QUIVER



"I will not tell," Mistress Lettice promised"

Drawn by
C. E. Brock

was a heavy trampling in the drive before the house.

Mistress Lettice peered from a narrow window at the stair-foot. "Gentlemen with tall hats like my father's," she announced. "But my father is not with them," she added wistfully.

"Then you'll not wait your sport for their coming, I'll warrant?" Black Eyes said, and Mistress Lettice thought joyfully that here was at last a grown person who cared as much for sport as Robin and herself did.

The garrets, five of them, opened into one another—dark, low-pitched rooms, with quaint nooks and corners that were almost black in the fading light and a criss-cross of great beams overhead.

It was to those great beams that the eyes of Mistress Lettice's playfellow turned instantly. She jumped for joy. "Oh, shall

you climb up there, sir? Brother Robin did once, and Tabitha never saw him, though she peered in all the corners; and oh, she was cross! But Robin lay quite flat and still, and she never knew."

There was a heavy knocking at the great door far below. Before the echoes had quite died away, Black Eyes had scrambled nimbly up on to the beam, and deposited his length as Robin had done, along its cobwebby dimness.

He leaned over to look down into the sweet, upturned face of the little maid.

"You will not grudge me first turn at the hiding, dear heart, will you? And you kept the secret of the hiding-place for Brother Robin—will you keep it, too, for me? And run downstairs and never let folk guess that we are playing whoop-hide, you and I."

"I will not tell," Mistress Lettice promised him. "Not even if Tabitha is cross with us, as she was when Robin hid there, and wants to know why there are cobwebs on your clothes. Brother Robin says, to tell is to be a spoil-sport."

Mistress Lettice left him lying there upon the beam, and kissing his fingers to her till she was out of the door. He was so good a comrade that she was glad that she had given him the best hiding-place; she herself would find another one downstairs, and then, when these stranger gentlemen had gone away, Mrs. Tabitha could look for both.

But when Mistress Lettice Hobart reached the top of the big staircase, she could see that the hall was full of stern-faced men, who wore sad-coloured clothes like her father, but, unlike him, had no kindly look upon their faces. They were talking with Mrs. Tabitha, and Mrs. Tabitha looked so cross and forbidding that Mistress Lettice saw at once that this was no good time for putting her to the trouble of searching for a little girl. The black-eyed stranger must have all the hiding to himself to-night.

Mrs. Tabitha was speaking shrilly. Her words came clearly up to the little maiden at the head of the wide staircase.

"The young man Charles Stuart lurking

A KING'S PLAYFELLOW

here,' you have the face to say to me! Pack of rubbish! Would he come here if he'd a grain of sense left in his head? Or, if he did, how could he creep unnoticed in, with the door fast closed and bolted, as I allus keeps it with the master away, and only just opened it but now to your summons? Search forsooth—'tis just an excuse for cluttering up my clean stairs with your muddy boots, and all for a whimsey. If it's searching to be done, 'tis I that shall do it, I promise you—I that know the house a deal better than any man jack among you, and accountable for it to his honour the Colonel, that shall hear of it if there's any incivility to me, his housekeeper and faithful servant!"

The stern-faced people below seemed to be expostulating, Mistress Lettice thought, but Tabitha cut them all short with decision, and flounced away upstairs, with her high heels clattering angrily upon the polished wood of the shallow steps, and a scarlet spot upon either cheekbone.

When she was half-way up the stairs she saw the little maid standing there, and spoke to her sharply.

"There you are, child! I thought you were off hiding again. Down to the parlour with you, and wait there till I have satisfied these busybodies that there's no young malignant a-hiding in this house. A pretty story!"

Mrs. Tabitha hastened on; Mistress Lettice heard her heels pat-patter on the garret stairway. Would she find the black-eyed stranger on the beam? Mistress Lettice thought not. At all events she would not help Mrs. Tabitha to guess that anyone was hiding, for it was certain that she was in no mood for good-humoured sport to-night.

Mrs. Tabitha had spoken so loudly in her ill-humour that the men below had heard what she said, as well as Mistress Lettice had done above. Mistress Lettice saw that they were talking among themselves; she caught her own name as she came, obedient to Mrs. Tabitha's order, down the wide stairway.

"Colonel Hobart's little maid . . . aye, and the woman thought her hiding." That was the puzzling whisper that the little maiden caught.

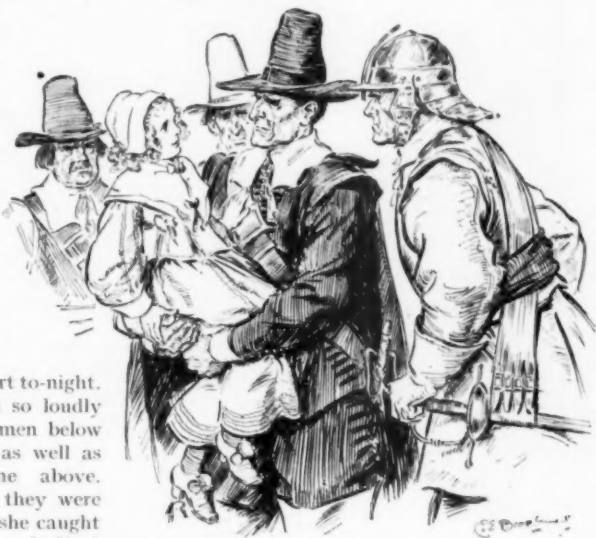
As she would have crossed the hall to the parlour where she had supped with her good playfellow, one of the stern-faced men stepped forward and lifted her in his arms.

"So it seems that you are a lover of hide-and-seek, little mistress? I'll be assured you know the hiding-places of this old house a deal better than your nurse does. See here, if you will act guide to a couple of us and show any place where you have ever hidden yourself, there shall be the finest puppet for you to play with that ever little wench had. Come, now, is it a bargain?"

Enthroned in his arms Mistress Lettice surveyed the circle of stern, eager faces. "Are you all come to play whoop-hide with me?" she questioned rather doubtfully.

"Aye, that we are—if so be that you are a good little wench and show us the good hiding-places," a hard-eyed person in a helmet told her cunningly.

Mistress Lettice relinquished the wonderful hope of a beautiful wooden baby with paint on its face. Not even for that would she be a spoil-sport, and, worse still, a promise-breaker.



"Are you all come to play whoop-hide with me?"

Drawn
by
C. E. Brock.

THE QUIVER

"Put me down, please," she said, with much decision. "I will go to the parlour as Mrs. Tabitha bade, and play with my dear old Betsy, for Robin and I *never* tell our hiding-places!"



Colonel Hobart came home before supper-time next evening, and Mistress Lettice ate her bread-and-milk seated upon his knee. Mistress Lettice's father heard the story of that game of hide-and-seek before the bowl was emptied, and his eyes smiled in his grave face as he heard.

"Tabitha was cross because she had to go all the way upstairs to the garrets to satisfy the stranger gentlemen, and they were cross because I would not show them our hiding-places, Robin's and mine. But I could not do that, could I, dear sir?"

Her father put his arm about her fondly. "No, little maid, you could not; and I for one am glad this game of yours was hiding without the finding. And so your playfellow was gone when Mrs. Tabitha

gave you the opportunity to look for him?"

"Quite—quite gone," Mistress Lettice told the Colonel sadly; "and he had never even told me his name."

"Never fret for that; belike you will know his name some day," her father said, smiling.

And the Colonel was right. One day, when for months past Robin had been Mistress Lettice's merry playfellow again, there came to Colonel Hobart's house a package wrapped and sewn with care, and directed to "Mistress Lettice Hobart." And within the wrapping was a box, and within the box there lay the most wonderful of Paris puppets, looking up into Mistress Lettice's enraptured eyes. And fastened to the doll's fine rose-pink gown was a paper bearing these words:

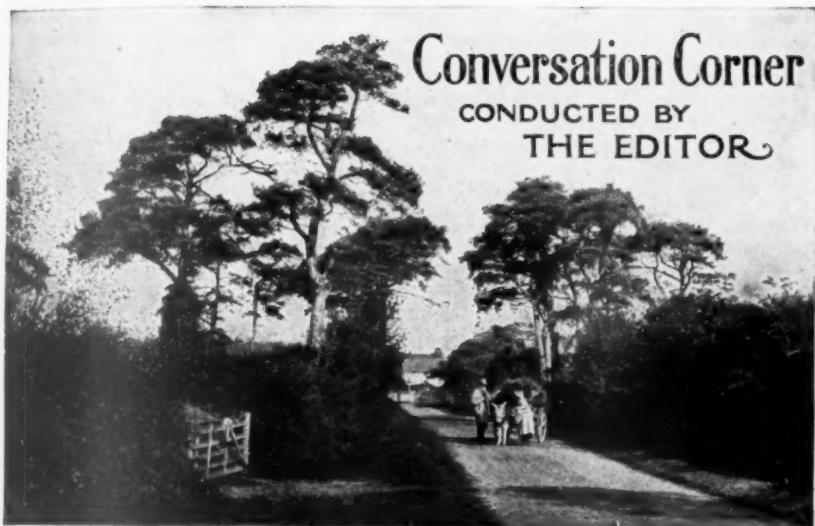
"For my faithful little playfellow, from CHARLES STUART."

So then Mistress Lettice knew the name of the black-eyed gentleman with whom she had played whoop-hide.



An Arab
Boys' School.

Photo:
D. Molein.



Conversation Corner

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR

An Anniversary

HEREAFTER I suppose we shall keep August 4th as one of our national anniversaries: it will never be possible to forget the day when we were drawn into the vortex, though I hope that its celebration will be dimmed by that of Another Day—the day on which we celebrate the coming of peace! It is only two years ago that we entered the struggle. I wonder what we, individually, remember precisely about that unique time? We thought, of course, we could never forget those few days of July–August. Curiously enough, in our serial story this month Mr. E. F. Benson goes over the ground of that anxious period, and details it as it affected his hero and heroine. It would be interesting to collect the experiences of different people at that time—to get them to put down in black and white precisely what they thought and felt, and what they did, on July 28th, 29th, and 30th, and so on to August 5th. I suppose everybody's most vivid impression would be that of reading the papers—the successive editions of the "evening" prints as they came out every quarter of an hour or so.



Have we Forgotten?

THINK your way back there, if you dare, and then try to turn up the papers of the period to see how much you have forgotten. Who was it that made the announcement to the House of Commons on that cold, black

Bank Holiday—was it Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey? One of the papers came out a day or two before the time with flaming headlines to the effect that British ships had been held up in the Kiel Canal, and that that constituted a *casus belli*. Has anybody heard any more of that incident? How many people went through the throes of that crisis away from home? My own recollection of it is that of pacing restlessly up and down the promenade of a well-known seaside resort on the Bank Holiday, reading the latest editions, and trying to make some arrangements for getting home. I remember feeling indignant at the wastefulness of certain young "nuts" who were careering up and down the promenade as usual on motor-bicycles, when the papers were urging that the duty of most importance at the time was to conserve the nation's petrol supply! Poor fellows! We soon found that there was enough petrol for 1914—and 1915, too—and they probably have expiated their tactless extravagance long since by service in the trenches. Then, at night, was the, at the time unusual, sight of the searchlights guarding the harbour. Of course, in August, 1914, we all thought a Zeppelin invasion of London to be a dream beyond the bounds of reality, and it was not until—when, dear reader? Do you remember?—that London's lights were restricted and the searchlights at work; and the actual touching of the London area did not occur until—when, again, reader? Can you tell me the date without looking it up?

THE QUIVER

Wise after the Event

I HAVE just been reading one of the popular, slashing attacks on the Government for its crimes of omission. It points out in detail what the Government ought to have done in September and October, 1914, and I must say it reads most logical and reasonable. Yet, carefully searching one's memory, and putting back oneself into those other days, it is at once apparent how different we all thought and felt then. Oh, how easy it is to be wise after the event, and if the Government at that time had gone the way now suggested, how wrathful those selfsame critics would have been!



Would you Rather Know?

LOOKING back now, would you rather have had the prophetic instinct, and have foreseen "the things that were to come to pass"—the long duration of the war, the 1915 failures, compulsion, etc.—or would you rather have been left as you were, in the dark, and believed, with nine out of ten, that the whole business would be over by Christmas? I confess that I would rather have been spared the knowledge of what had to be borne, rather have cherished my fond delusion as to the war's speedy termination, rather have occupied those early days with preparations for "after the war" (work that has long since come to nought!) than have been rendered prostrate and hopeless by a fuller knowledge of all that must be suffered before the end could come! After all, Providence is very wise in these matters. We are not allowed to lift the curtain and probe into the future, and the thoughtful man is very glad that it is so. Sufficient is it to know that one has only to face one day at a time, that there will be gleams of sunshine as well as clouds, in the days that are to come as in the days that are past.

Take a Holiday

SO this year we are to have two Bank Holidays in August, instead of one! We are so used to changes that we have almost forgotten we are under the Daylight Saving regime, and most of my readers will be concerned not so much with the extra Bank Holiday as with the prospects of getting the ordinary summer holiday "as usual" this year. Well, this year (as last!) I frankly advise everybody who can to take their holidays and religiously try to forget the war and the world for the allotted space of time. I only wish that every Cabinet Minister, every war-worker, every girl 'bus-conductor, as well as every busy housewife, could get right away for a fortnight at least. Oh, what a difference it would make to everything when they came back! I was talking the other day to one of our best-known preachers. He told me that he was looking forward to his holidays. The first three weeks, he said, he simply put everything aside; he even took down a volume of prayers with him, to avoid having to make up his own prayers! For three whole weeks he threw stones into the sea, and generally "idled." The fourth week there came a sudden change; he took out the small note-book he always carries, and the ideas simply flowed: that fourth week was sometimes sufficient to load him with ideas up to Christmas! I think the plan is the right one, though I, for one, have never in my life, since leaving school, had a four-weeks' holiday right off! Still, I am going away for a short spell, and am going to try to forget the war, the increase in prices, the paper famine, THE QUIVER, and everything else! You shall say, when I am back, if excursion has been a success, and meantime I commend my example to as many as can take it!

The Editor



THE QUIVER

"ON GUARD!"

We are always on guard to maintain the purity of Bird's Custard. To make it so pure, we have rejected all short-cuts to custard making, and all low priced and inferior ingredients. *This is why Bird's Custard goes so far and is so creamy and nutritious*

Therefore, Mothers by insisting on Bird's Custard safeguard the family health. The children both love and thrive upon it.

When you have stewed fruit or boiled pudding, always serve Bird's Custard with it. Cold on hot days, — hot on cold days — either way, Bird's Custard improves and enriches it.

Bird's Custard

No tax on your time! No tax on your pocket!

ca38/



Don't worry!
I'm here

**KEATING'S
KILLS**

**BUGS FLEAS MOTHS
BEETLES**

TINS—1st 3rd 6th 1st

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS



THE
PICTURE
OF
HEALTH

HER MOTHER SAYS

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders, and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Tottenham, Sept. 29th, 1915.

THESE POWDERS CONTAIN

EE

NO POISON.

EE



PARKNASILLA

Photo: G. F. Smith & Co., Liverpool.

The Charms of South-Western Ireland for Holiday and Health

WHERE is the pen that can fittingly and ably describe the loveliness, transcendent beauty, the enrapturing magnificence, the entrancing allurements, and the subtle captivation of the sylvan scenery, the romantic rusticity, the glorious mountainous magnificence, and the charming combination of waterfall, glen and seascape that spreads itself in lavish splendour as a wondrous panorama over the south-western district of "dear old Ireland"?

To think of lovely Killarney, of the siren charms of Glengarriff, the rugged beauty of Bantry Bay, and the quiet fascination of dear little Parknasilla, nestled in the valley, is to call up in oneself a spirit of unrest, an irresistible hunger that can alone be satisfied by the resolve that the earliest opportunity shall be the occasion for a visit to this most refreshing atmosphere for the reinvigoration of soul and body and of jaded nerves.

Surely here Nature has just been allowed to have her own untrammelled and unfettered way, producing a luxuriant growth of foliage and flower, forming landscape and seascape that simply baffle and even defy description by the pen of the writer or even by the pencil of the artist.

There are in certain places lovely landscapes that give one the idea that in ages past some wondrous giant hand created an upheaval of the earth's formation, bringing into existence towering mountains, sloping hillsides, basin-like valleys, angry waterfalls, silvery streams, rushing rivulets, and tranquil lakes, and that in due course Time and Nature have together come to the healing up of the wondrous scene, covering with richest verdure and blossom, and stately timber, the crags and the crannies, the mountains and the valleys, the hill slopes and the river sides. Truly it is God's own country—so lovely is it that one is reminded of the beautiful thought expressed by the writer of the song "God's Garden"—

"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the bird for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

To be brought into this charming vista of beauty one has but to avail oneself of the services of the Great Southern and Western Railway. The quick-running and comfortable expresses of this railway system run direct from Dublin through Cork, to Queenstown, and there are branch lines that take the traveller to Waterford, Limerick, Kerry, and the entrancing district of Killarney, Caragh, and Valentia. Happy indeed is he or she who is quietly and comfortably seated in a corner in one of these trains, bound for the beauties of this land of rest, recuperation, and delight. There scarcely can be a place more befitted for the spending of a charming quiet holiday.

Delightful trips by train, by motor car, or by motor char-a-banc can be made to many a charming spot.

Attractive and very interesting booklets are published for the use of intending tourists and visitors by the Great Southern and Western Railway. They can be had freely if a letter be addressed to The Tourists' Office, Kingsbridge Station, Dublin.

Now, as a peroration, let a special paean be raised to dear little Parknasilla, the most lovely part of all the district, close to the lake and surrounded by the mountains. Here is the very ideal spot to stay, where fine fishing can be enjoyed, and where are to be found all the accessories that go to make up a happy holiday sojourn.



ONE OF THE ISLANDS, PARKNASILLA

Photo: G. F. Smith & Co., Liverpool

The Home Department



HOLIDAY CATERING

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THERE is one cheering point about catering for holiday makers, which is that good appetites, the best and most piquant of all sauces, can be surely relied upon, for after hours spent in the open air any and every kind of food tastes delicious, and will be quickly and appreciatively consumed.

Easiest of all to provide are the outdoor meals, for even if the picnic is not farther removed than a stone's throw from the walls of home, the fun of laying the table and the general air of unconventionality will transform a very ordinary lunch, tea or supper into an alfresco feast with food fit for fairies and beverages suitable for nymphs.

People who, in pre-war days, were accustomed to go for frequent week-end trips, and spend a month or six weeks at the seaside or in the country every summer, could not realise the delight experienced by those whose sole annual vacation consisted of two weeks; but different times, different manners, and war workers will consider themselves lucky if they can take a full fortnight "off duty" in which to respond to the invitation of the sea or the call of the country.

The younger generation will, of course, arrive home from school and announce that they have "broken up"—the existing circumstances make no difference in this unwritten law—and they will expect to be very much in evidence until the middle of September when their work recommences. It is not going to be a very easy task for mother to satisfy hearty holiday appetites with the

normal kinds of food, let alone the innumerable calls for special treats for picnics and other outing festivities.

Whether the holidays are to be spent at home or at some coast or country resort I certainly advise all mothers to spend a couple of days in preparing for the attacks on larder and store-cupboard that are bound to take place, and, if possible, to arrange that the emergency shelf is particularly well stocked with suitable fare. The increasing prices of all foodstuffs has turned commodities we used to consider necessities into luxuries, and to rush to the cooked meat or confectioner shops every time a picnic lunch or tea is wanted would strain the resources of the housekeeping purse to breaking point.

With a good supply of home-made potted meats, cakes, biscuits, etc. (and certain kinds will keep fresh for several weeks), the outdoor meals become an economy instead of an extravagance, and a hamper can be packed with a wholesome and dainty repast for less cost than if the meal were to be eaten in the dining-room.

The Best Kind of Picnic Basket

The fitted picnic basket, though very compact and useful when one has motor-car or carriage at one's beck and call, is apt to prove a veritable "white elephant" to those who take their pleasure on foot or in a humble omnibus or tram. Such baskets are heavy and cumbersome, and frequently the "fittings" are more trouble than they are worth. Personally, I always think that all the members of the party should help in

THE QUIVER

the transportation of food, and have found those little Japanese marketing baskets, which cost but a few pence, and are fitted with a reliable strong draw-thread which acts as a handle, are very light and convenient. For a large party a Japanese wicker hamper makes a capital picnic basket; it can be let out as much as is necessary to accommodate the lunch and tea, and taken in with the straps when brought home more or less empty. Smaller wicker baskets, which can be bought in many sizes, for from a few pence, are used for sandwiches, cakes, salads, and every kind of foodstuff, provided they are first lined with greaseproof paper to protect the contents from dust and air. Thermos flasks are now quite cheap, and are the acme of comfort for carrying hot or cold beverages, but they are heavy, and there seems to be as much to bring home at the end of the day as there was to take out in the morning. If a series of alfresco meals is contemplated it would be worth while to invest in one of those delightfully compact aluminium outfits sold for soldiers, as they are light in weight and easy to keep clean, and comprise all kinds of utensils wherewith to prepare a meal.

Necessities for the Picnic Basket

Here is a list of articles which should be kept in the basket. There should be a hard and fast rule that at the end of the day's outing, when the basket is emptied and cleared, all the fittings and appurtenances should be replaced, ready for the next picnic:—Japanese paper tablecloth and serviettes, cardboard dishes and plates, also drinking cups.

Glass bottles with wooden stoppers (to be obtained at a chemist's), containing salt, pepper and mustard.

Some Britannia ware or aluminium spoons and forks, some old knives, a corkscrew, boxes containing tea, coffee or cocoa, a tin for sugar and another for butter.

Three or four Japanese wicker baskets for eatables.

Salads travel splendidly in a tin lined with greaseproof paper, and butter should be wrapped in lettuce leaves and paper before it is put into the tin.

It is possible to purchase many delectable tinned goods which were not put up in this form before the war, or, if so, were not

known by the majority of people. The various "tubes" which have carried comfort and nourishment to the trenches and our ships will also be found extremely practical for picnic-makers. For instance, the tubes of cocoa and milk, coffee and milk, soups, pastes, potted meats, jams, honey, etc., are very inexpensive, and a "tube" is so much handier and tidier than a jar. Also one can use as much or as little as is required, and what is left keeps good and is in readiness for the next occasion. If it is necessary to take bottles, pack them in round tins (coffee tins are excellent) with tied-on lids. In this way it is safe to carry milk, cream, salad dressing, syrups, and other liquids.

Suggestions for the Emergency Shelf

Home-made potted meats provide fillings for sandwiches that are just as satisfying as if the meat were cut in slices and placed between the slices of bread and butter, and are also much quicker and easier to manipulate than the sliced meat.

So before the holidays commence see that the emergency shelf carries several kinds of potted meats, tins of cakes, plain and sweetened biscuits, "tubes" as already mentioned, and a good stock of sandwich or greaseproof paper. A certain number of pastry "empties" can be made if they are stored in an airtight canister and put into the oven to freshen up before the jam or other filling is added.

Do not be too lavish with the dainties and regale the family with samples of all your delicacies during the first week, but try to arrange that each new occasion produces a surprise novelty for lunch or tea. It may happen that the place chosen for the outing is celebrated for some kind of tart or cake, in which case leave your own good things at home and indulge in the local bun or pie.

As regards cakes and biscuits it must be remembered that cakes of a light, fluffy description—sponge, madeira, and other similar kinds—and those in which baking powder is used as a raising medium, soon become stale and uninteresting. Fruity cakes and those made with dripping will, if stored in airtight tins, remain fresh and moist for a couple of weeks or more. These cakes are best baked in long flat tins (a Yorkshire pudding tin does very well) instead of the usual round cake tin, so that

THE WAR AND THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

a portion can be cut off and the surface tightly encased in greaseproof paper to retain the moisture. Another "tip" for such cakes is to moisten with syrup or treacle. Delicious cakes can then be made at a small cost, for the syrup can be made to take the place of both eggs and sugar.

A correspondent recently told me that, finding dried fruits very expensive, she had substituted dates, and that the dates imparted a really delicious flavour to the cakes. To $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour allow 3 oz. of dates, weighed after the stones have been removed, and the fruit cut into small pieces.

It is often convenient to have a supply of

small cakes on hand, and these will keep moist for two or three weeks if carefully wrapped in greaseproof paper and put into tightly closed tins:

Take 4 eggs and the weight of these in butter, flour and sugar. Sieve the flour, beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately. Beat the butter to a cream with the sugar, add the yolks of the eggs and the grated rind of a lemon. Stir in the flour, and lastly fold in the whites of the eggs. Grease some fancy patty pans, half fill them with the mixture. Sprinkle a few currants or chopped almonds on top, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

THE WAR AND THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

By MONICA WHITLEY

The Perennial Problem

WHAT is known as the "servant problem" has always been a burning one within living memory. And now that so many spheres of work are open to women the cry is "Who is going to do the work of our homes that we cannot or will not do for ourselves?"

Of course, this is almost entirely a middle-class problem. The rich person, I believe, who can afford a staff of servants will never fail to get them, for as a rule they form a happy community with a social life of their own. And it is this lack of social life which is one of the grievances of the maid, or maids, of the average middle-class household.

Just at the moment the registry offices have never known such a dearth of maids—mistresses are offering both higher wages and more hours of freedom, and it is noteworthy that the latter prove the more tempting bait.

Why is Domestic Service Unpopular?

There are many reasons why the girl who leaves school prefers to become a factory hand, a postwoman, a lift attendant, or anything else rather than a domestic servant. One is, as I mentioned before, the lack of social life—the loneliness, the sense of being a stranger within the gates. Other reasons given are the monotony of the work itself, the restraint, the sense of never being "off duty," but always under super-

vision and at everyone's beck and call, and—perhaps the most powerful reason of all—the loss of caste.

It is difficult to see how, under *present conditions*, all these objections could be removed entirely. We shall need to alter many things—our views of life, and our ways of living amongst others—before the problem is solved.

From the Mistress's Point of View

But certainly the housewife has her grievances, too. If she advertises for a "general," what sort of a helper does she get? More often than not a totally untrained girl who looks upon her work simply as a means of supporting herself until marriage comes along. No wonder that the mistress resents the fact that she must teach her employee her work and at the same time pay her for doing it.

At once someone says: "But why not have training schools for domestic servants, and grant them certificates of proficiency? When they realise that their work is scientific, dignified, and valuable, they will respect it and will take a pride in doing it intelligently." Very true, but do you think trained workers will be content to work under the old conditions?

Housework under New Conditions

Do you think that the scientifically trained domestic, armed with a diploma

THE QUIVER

of proficiency from a recognised school of household science, will be content to spend her days in the tiny back kitchen and her nights in an attic bedroom? Will she be willing to do her work with the antiquated and meagre apparatus which is to be found in the ordinary household after she has been used to the latest labour-saving appliances of the training school? Will she submit to the restricted hours of "off duty"? Will she be ordered about by the children, alternately their playmate and their slave?

Undoubtedly not. She will demand increased wages, proper tools for her work and regular hours for doing it, more opportunities for social intercourse, a higher social status, and a *new name*. To obtain most of these will entail nothing less than an entire upheaval of the ordinary habits and customs of the average household.

The trained worker will probably refuse in many cases to "live in"; she will live at home, or in hostels, and go to work daily like any other girl worker.

The Architect Must Conform

This will mean that the housewife will have to come into line with the new order of things. In some cases she will find that she cannot afford the high wages demanded, and she must rely chiefly on her own labours. This will entail simplified living and a home built in accordance with changed requirements.

If our architects would realise their shortcomings, let them spend a week in the kitchen of a small suburban villa. After that, if they have any intelligence, they will no longer put the sink at the opposite end of the kitchen to the fireplace, or in such a position that the door opens directly on to it. Neither will they place it so low that washing-up is a back-breaking process.

In the wash-kitchen they will see to it that the boiler has a cold-water tap fitted over it, and also that it can be emptied in some other way than by baling out the water. They will put porcelain washing-tubs fitted with hot and cold water at a convenient height for a woman's comfort. This, and much more, will they do, and oh! may I be there to see it!

Simpler Furnishings

Most people's homes are overcrowded with furniture. If they would only follow

William Morris's maxim: "Have nothing in your homes but what you know to be useful or believe to be beautiful," what a clearance there would be! We should miss some of the dear, ugly, useless things with their sentimental associations, but our homes would be more artistic, more hygienic, and labour would be considerably lessened.

We have grown accustomed, too, to elaborately spread meals—to much ornamental silver, and a plethora of doilies and fal-lals. Our meals could be quite as tastefully served without them with a great diminution in work.

Labour-Saving Appliances

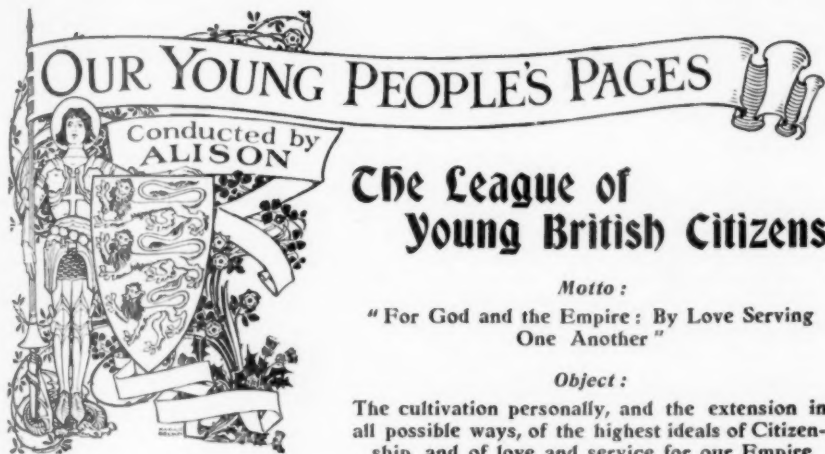
What does a man do when he wants to economise labour? Why he invents a machine which will do the work of several men with only one to direct it. But how few appliances, comparatively speaking, have been invented to economise home labour since the days of our grandmothers, and even those which are available seem to be little known.

Strange to say, women seem to be indifferent to them, and go on working with the same old tools which have served for a century or more. In any household there is much unnecessary work. Some is caused by an absurd adherence to useless conventions, some by lack of method, some by superfluous furniture, some by structural inconveniences. All these can be remedied.

Abolish Foolish Conventions

It is at present one of the treasured conventions of middle-class homes that one must not open one's own door to visitors. This will have to go.

People will also have to cease aping the customs of those who are above them in social position. They will have to stop expecting to have a meal served in the same way with one maid as with half a dozen. I do not mean that they must live with less refinement—it may possibly mean that they will live with more by a reversion to simplicity. By a readjustment of living in most households I believe the labour could be reduced by half. A return to simple living would mean happier homes, and re-created men and women. But who is going to start it? Who is bold enough to lead the way and bid defiance to the god of conventionality?



*The Corner,
August, 1916*

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,—The first news this month will give particular pleasure to you girls. It will be good news, also, for all lovers of girls who are interested in our League.

We who are "lovers of girls" value much the leadership which the Countess of Portsmouth is giving to various forms of work for them, and we have an especially warm welcome for her as a Patron of the L.Y.B.C. In a letter telling of her consent to help us in this way, Lady Portsmouth remarks: "I feel sure your scheme will prosper, based as it is on the recognition of their (young people's) instinct for social service." I am so glad Lady Portsmouth's message to you touches on the big question of friendship, one of the most vital and important questions affecting us as boys and girls. And its truest foundation is the spirit expressed in our League motto. This is what Lady Portsmouth says to our members everywhere:

"When I was a child—and I am not yet an old woman—it took twice as long as it does now to get to America, India, or Australia, and letters cost more than twice as much.

"The heart of Africa was unexplored; no one dreamed of pleasure trips to the Victoria Falls, or of a railway from Cairo to the Cape; and, as for flying, it was considered unlikely

that it could ever be made available for practical purposes.

"The world can never again seem so large as it did then, and, moreover, distant places will go on growing nearer and easier to reach.

"Have you ever thought that all this makes it possible for us to have many more friends, and that one of the best things life can give us is Friendship?

"When, with the help of your League, you have grown to know and to like other young citizens beyond the Seas, remember that 'the only way to have a friend is to be a friend.' If you bear that in mind and act upon it you will find that your membership will bear fruits richer and greater than you can now imagine.

"BEATRICE PORTSMOUTH."

I have had given to me an "Appeal to the Boys and Girls of the Empire," which is issued by the Central Committee for National Patriotic Organizations. Our League is being built up in the spirit that this appeal is designed to create, and I want you to see the following paragraphs, in case you do not all see the whole:

"We hope and think this is a war against war, and that if only we are brave and self-sacrificing and determined to win, even at great cost, no such dreadful war will blacken the world again, and that no nation, not even Germany, will ever again

THE QUIVER

try to bully small nations, teaching, as her men now do, that force is the most important thing in the world.

"How can children help? is sometimes asked." And this is part of the answer:

"Every boy and girl can try hard to *grow up worthy* of the great price now being paid for their safety. Think of the gallant lives, the crippled men, the widows and orphans? That is the price being paid for you and for me. With God's help we must try to be worth it. The boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women of the future, and *if our Empire is to continue great, it will be through the character and sense of duty of those still at school.* The finest and noblest of the Empire's sons are falling in battle, and each child should feel on his or her honour to try and be a worthy successor. Care over lessons, pains taken over the difficult ones especially, punctuality, tidiness, obedience—all these are fitting you for your future place and work.

"You and I do not get the chance of doing great things, but day by day we can do little things in the big spirit. *The Soul of a Nation is made by the heart and spirit of the whole nation, each doing their part as well as they can.*"

You see, we have all to really understand that citizenship isn't something that has merely to do with "votes" and paying taxes, and other obligations that come upon us when we "grow up." You are citizens in the making now. And it is by exercising the powers that you have that you will become fit for the other, later duties.

Knights of the Garden or Farm

I am reminded that this is a holiday month for many of you. Will you all look round and see if there is some special use for holidays this year? I heard Mr. F. D. Acland, the Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, speak the other day, and he made us understand what a huge amount of patriotic work is wanted to help fill the gaps left by the men who have gone from the country-side to fight for us. By the way, I have been reading of a small boy—he was not quite three—who was greatly puzzled

as to the "difference between weeds and flowers." So he kept on and on with questions until the grown-up made it clear. Then he saw that there was really going on all the while "an exciting drama in the garden," and now he loves to play his part in that drama. He is a sort of knight rescuing beautiful flowers from their deadly foes. "He throws himself upon a weed, uproots it, and carts it away, with the righteously indignant exclamation: 'Horrid old weed! Stop eating the flowers' dinner.'"

Quite likely lots of you can be knights of the garden this summer, rescuing not only flowers, but those vegetables we needs must grow so plentifully. If you have no garden of your own, perhaps your holiday time will be spent on a farm, or where there is a garden in which you can show your knightly service. I shall be interested to hear if any of you have this kind of holiday experience.

That reminds me of two girl gardeners' gifts to our Fund. Do not miss noting what they have done.

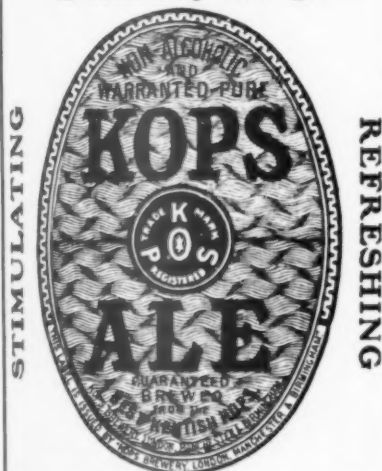
What Some Members Say

You will enjoy reading some of the opinions of members regarding our new enterprise. I am sending two Letter Prizes this month, and for the first time both prizes are going to boys. They are "W. A. L." (age 17: Ireland), who is an old member of the Companionship, and "R. W." (age 14: Scotland), who first joined us in 1913. I am sure you will all agree with me that it is a mistake to think that "there is not much we can do for the Empire by working on a farm." Farm work, and the growing of food for the people, is enormously important work.

As to our new plans, I can say most sincerely I fully approve of the change which has been made. My imaginative faculty is (unhappily) not strongly developed, and I had no idea of what the impending change might be; so you may conjecture my surprise when I saw our new headline in the May issue. I won't deny that I had some regrets that our old Corner was no more—just at first glance; but I soon realised that it is not breaking old links, but forging new ones in addition! I think your new plan is splendid. Some people are so pessimistic about religion and that sort of thing; some are so fond of prophesying "a tendency to Jingoism," as the Editor puts it; the formation of a League like ours should comfort such people. There is a definiteness in our new name, and especially in our stirring Motto and Object, which shows we "mean business" more than ever in the future, and business of the best kind. I believe with you that we, in our new capacity, "can do something towards meeting the great and urgent need of the future of the world." It has just struck me that our new League is, in

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A 3½d. packet of Bird's Spongie is sufficient to make a delicious Swiss Roll or Victoria Sandwich, large enough for a big family. Get a packet from any grocer to-day—or get two packets—you'll be certain to want them.



S 51



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OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

reality, very little different from the first H.W.W.C. True citizenship and all it means was the main idea amongst us then, as now. But I feel that now, with more definitely stated aims and more serious problems confronting us, we cannot but accomplish more. It was a pleasant shock to me to find that the Violet Fund has totalled so much. By the way, I vote for the continuation of the name. It augurs well for the future. I certainly think we should devote our resources in future to the education and training of war orphans; it is a debt of gratitude. Of course it will be a bigger thing financially, will it not? However, for the present we must see that the expenses of Lena and Philip are duly forthcoming.—W. A. L. (Ireland).

I think you have started a splendid idea for the Corner; you ask us to give our opinions on the new League. Well, there is mine for you! I enclose the coupon and 2d. I think also that it would be much nicer to still call our Fund the Violet Fund; still, I am but a new Companion, and the older ones may not like it.—I. H. (Ireland).

I think the change in our Companionship is very nice. Of course, as you say, we ought to try to make ourselves worthy of the sacrifices which are willingly made every day for us by our brave men at the front.—M. H. (London).

I was very proud and pleased to have a letter all to myself from you, although I have not written to thank you for it. It was very kind of you to write to me. I thank you now. We enjoy your pages so much, so I send my name for the L.Y.B.C. There is not much we can do for the Empire by working on a farm; but the idea will help us to feel we are part of something big. You are doing something to give us, boys and girls, some idea of our value in the world. I trust your scheme will be as successful as you would like.—R. W. (Scotland).

I think that your new idea is very nice. I am enclosing the coupon, two penny stamps for the certificate, and 2s. 6d. for the Fund.—M. H.

I am awfully interested in your fresh undertaking, and I think it a splendid idea. I have filled up the coupon, as I want to be entered in your new register, and will do all I possibly can to help carry out the object of our new League which I have been reading at the top of this month's Corner; and I shall be proud to do all I can towards helping to make the lives of the little children who are being left fatherless through this cruel war a little happier and pleasanter. Of course, as you say, we are only a tiny, tiny section of the boys and girls of the Empire, but still we must each get as many recruits as possible, and so spread our Companionship, which will help to increase our Fund, and then the more money we get the greater number of children we can keep. Dorothy is very anxious to join the new League, and will fill in the coupon in next month's *QUIVER*.—M. A.

Remember, every Companion who takes for himself or herself the bond of our Motto and Object is another link in the chain of loving comradeship in which we want to encircle the whole world. And that chain can only be big enough as we get enough individual links. Each Companion is one link. Hence the use of recruiting.

I think the Motto, "For God and the Empire," just fills out the other one, and is the best possible motto, especially in war time.—A.

I was very much pleased and surprised, when I opened this month's *QUIVER*, to see that our Companionship has started out to fulfil a newer and a wider matter. It makes the Companions feel more

keenly, I am sure, that they are "doing their little bit" in the war. The title which you have chosen, too, is very appropriate. . . . Are you going to have new badges for the new scheme? I think the Violet badges are so pretty it would be a pity to change them.—M. J. (Scotland).

You will think I am never going to send my name in to be enrolled as a member of the L.Y.B.C. I have been a long time writing, but nevertheless I made up my mind as soon as I read the new plan in this month's *QUIVER* that I was not going to be a slacker or a deserter. Now I humbly confess that I must have seemed a slacker to you, but really it isn't true. I came back to school on the 5th, and it has seemed a rush ever since. Last letter-writing day I intended writing to you, but had only time for a letter home. The plan is a splendid one, and I intend to do all I can to help. The words "You are the Future" seem to thrill one, and make one think if one is really living a life that is going to help that future to be a real Golden Age. Father and Mother have often said that we alone shall enjoy the benefits which this war will bring; we, as the young generation, if we realise this to the full, ought to follow more truly the Divine teachings.—E. B.

Interesting letters have come to me from—among many others—

AGNES MILLINER (British West Indies), who enclosed a gift for our Fund; PTE. NELSON, PTE. H. BOURNE, and PTE. T. H. HENRY; ESSIE DALEY (Australia), another contributor to the Violet Fund; ANNIE BROCKIE, CATHIE GARDNER, JENNY GARDNER, ELLA BUDD (all in Scotland); and from KITTY WILLERS, who says:

I do hope there will be letters from different members in the Corner each month, as usual: I think it is so very interesting to hear about boys and girls all over the world. I expect you will continue to have competitions, too, won't you, Alison? We have held a consultation about an entertainment in the summer; I do hope we shall be able to have it, and that we shall get a nice sum for the Fund. How delightful it is to think that we have helped to give two British citizens a start in life, and are training two more to be good citizens."

BEATRICE MARY OFFORD (age 17: Cambridgeshire), MARION WRIGLEY (age 20: Isle of Man), ISOBEL MARGARET HENDRY (age 12: Aberdeenshire), MARGARET CUTMORE (age 13: Isle of Wight), and DORIS QUAIL (age 22: South Africa) will be welcomed by you as Companions. Marion's sister and brothers are interested in the League and have promised to help; we hope they will join too. And Isobel's two sisters, she hoped, will be joining soon.

Letters from KATHLEEN and DOROTHY COLLYER (Canada) contained the delightful surprise of a gift of £1 17s. for our Fund.

I hope our boys and girls are well and happy (wrote Kathleen), and I trust the Funds are not falling off. I wish the May *QUIVER* would come, but I suppose we must be patient, as the mails are very good, considering. We are enclosing nine dollars, most of which we have made selling flowers.

Daddy read the Companionship Pages out this

THE QUIVER

morning, and we all enjoyed them very much (says Dorothy). The photographs of Violet, Lena, and Philip are very good, aren't they? We are very inquisitive to know what your scheme is.—Wishing you and the Corner every success.

A Beautiful Scottish Gift for the Violet Fund

A bright augury for the future of our Fund has come through two of our youngest members. Little IRENE and FLORENCE FAIR (age 7 and 6: Galashiels) thought they would have a Garden Sale to help our funds. I heard quiet whispers from time to time of their busy thoughts and efforts, and delighted in the beautiful spirit that was filling all. "Daddy and Mother" were just at one with the little workers, and were splendid comrades, as you'll all understand. And then, one June day, Mr. Fair called and brought £10 to us—the result of the sale!

This was the first "special effort" made for our Fund since we called our Companionship by the new title—since we made up our minds, that is, to do *more* for others than we had done in the past. That is why I spoke of "a bright augury." You will guess that I wanted to go to Irene and Florence's sale myself! And you will enjoy, as I have enjoyed, reading "how it went off." Here are the girlies' letters to me, first:

DEAR ALISON,—Our little sale took place on Saturday. God was kind, for He sent us a fine day. And we were all so happy together. We had plenty of fun, too, buying and selling. Daddy is to give you ten pounds for the Fund, and he will take it to London himself on Wednesday.—Love and kisses from.
IRENE S. FAIR.

DEAR ALISON,—I wish you could have seen our little garden on Saturday, when our friends came to our sale and had tea. Never mind, dear Alison, Daddy shall give you a photograph of Irene and myself standing by our tent. I hope you will like it. We wore violets in our dresses and we put violets on the tea-tables. We all enjoyed ourselves very much.—Love and kisses from

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE FAIR.

I am sure you will like to see part of Mr. Fair's letter also:

DEAR ALISON,—All of us (he writes) had been working very hard for a long time, and we were assured that if the weather kept good our labours would be crowned with success. Up to Friday night the weather continued to be wet and cold, which prevented us from tidying up the garden and erecting the tent; but we all got up early on Saturday morning to find old Sol shining as he can shine on a June morning. We had fervently prayed for a good day, and a good God answered our prayers. With all hands on deck we had everything in readiness for the opening hour. The good people were not long in gathering, and after I had said a few words of explanation the sale proceeded

briskly. Tea was served to those present in the open air, and everyone heartily enjoyed it.

Among those present were Provost Watson, Bailie Chisholm, and Councillor Thomson, F.E.I.S., Town Councillors, and the Rev. Dugald Butler, D.D., minister of the parish.

Altogether the function was splendid, and passed off without a hitch. The children did their utmost to make it a success, and they were so good and happy all day.

Dr. Butler afterwards sent a letter of congratulation which I expect Irene and Florence will remember for long years—for the "Daddy" to whom it was addressed would read it to them:

Thank you (he said) very cordially for introducing into the Scottish Borderland the noble work of the League of Young British Citizens, and I congratulate your two little daughters on the success of their Garden Sale last Saturday. I trust that through such and many similar efforts the League will do much to bring up, educate, and start in life orphans and children who through the war have become orphans. The cause is most commendable, and it both renders noble service in the present and creates a Christian ideal of citizenship in the hearts of our young people for the future of our beloved land. Such ends are most desirable as well as praiseworthy, and every Christian can wish the movement a hearty God-speed. May it go from strength to strength and both bless and be blessed.

You and I will treasure Dr. Butler's words and good wishes along with the messages we have already had from other friends. And we thank all who helped Irene and Florence in their happy work, especially the Father and Mother, without whom it would have been impossible. We hope this is the first of very many such "efforts" in many places where our Companions dwell.

At the moment I am in the secret of another Garden Sale, which I trust will also be a happiness to the Companions concerned. They, I may say, were delighted to have the loan of special hangings which Mr. Fair made for his little daughters' use and has kindly given to me. They are three in number, made of purple sateen, and have painted upon them, in white letters, "The League of Young British Citizens," "The QUIVER Violet Fund," and on another our motto. Any Companion who is having a sale or concert, or the like, for our Fund and would find them useful, should write to me for them.

We began with good news; we end with good news, too.

A happy, useful August to all. Next month I will tell about a Christmas Competition.

Your Comrade,

Alison.

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